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THE ARYAN PATH

Point out the "Way" — however dimly, and lost among the host — as does the evening star to those who tread their path in darkness.
—The Voice of the Silence

VOL. XXIX JULY 1958 No. 7

"THUS HAVE I HEARD"—
DEATH OF BODY AND OF MIND

ALL FEAR death of the body and use the will to live to prolong embodied existence. All are certain that death will come, but many do not relish the thought of enquiry as to the nature of death, its how, and the life hereafter which we have made. The superstition prevails that it is very inauspicious to think and talk about death. And yet all great Teachers have strongly recommended "a meditation upon birth, death, decay, sickness and error." Similarly we find in the *Dhammapada*:—

> This body is wearing out; it is a nest of diseases; it is frail. This heap of corruption is breaking to pieces. Life ends in death.
>
> What pleasure is there in looking at these bleached bones, like gourds cast away in the autumn? (Verses 148-9)

This meditation upon the decay of the body, resulting in its disintegration, is strongly recommended; for it turns our ideation from effect to cause. Shankaracharya's remarks on the verse of the *Gita* quoted above point this out:—

> Pain itself is evil; death is misery; old age is a misery; sickness is a misery. They are all miseries, because they produce misery. They are not miseries in themselves.

Again, all spiritual Sages teach the conquest of death and recommend a contemplation which results in the strength-giving exclamation: "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?"

This conquest of death is profoundly expounded in the *Kathopanishad*, and another aspect of it is dealt with in the story of Savitri's overcoming of Yama, the King of Death, and of the restoring of her husband to life. The scientific-minded materialist dismisses, with a smile and a shrug of his shoulders, such impractical talk!

The full consummation of Immortality may not be, is not, within the

reach of ordinary men and women. But many of them have not lost belief in the immortality of the soul. There is in them the presence of a divine intuition about the existence of a deathless soul, in spite of their schooling in the world of the senses. For such, the true spiritual philosophy points to a line of knowledge which is valuable and practical. Simply put, it is this.

The death of the body is caused not only by the processes of the body; the wear and tear of the body is caused mainly by human consciousness. Our thought, will and feeling manifest as our habitual temperament; and also they produce our passing moods of elation and depression. The life of the body is affected by the activity of consciousness; and the health of the latter is affected by the functioning of the organs and the senses. The state of human consciousness and that of the human body are linked and both together produce death. The belief of the common man in the existence of the soul and its survival of bodily death can be better utilized by him than is done at present. His belief is more or less a stagnant influence. He should acquire knowledge about the nature of the soul and its immortality; about the body and its mortality; to what extent the mortal aspect of his bodily nature robs the immortal aspect of his soul, and in what measure the immortal nature of the mind gains from its experience as an embodied intelligence. This knowledge is highly important, and it is available.

Religious allegories about heaven and hell, about the seven heavens and the seven hells, about purgation and reaching heaven, and so on and so forth, are misunderstood under the baneful influence of creedalism and priestcraft. All men die, be they Christians or Hindus; in life we know that there is no difference between a saintly Christian and a saintly Hindu, nor is there any between sinning ones. So also after death. That an orthodox Christian or a "faithful" Muslim will go to heaven and men of all other creeds to hell is crass superstition.

Man's own mind makes its heaven or hell, here and hereafter. One who has no inner perception of and faith in the immortality of his soul remains slumbering, wrapped in the cloak of his mortality. In order to live in the world to come a conscious life, one has to believe first of all in that life during the terrestrial existence. Knowledge about man's post-mortem states, acquired during the life of the body, enables a man to prepare for death intelligently. Moreover, such knowledge affects his day-to-day living, makes it more intelligent, because the light of wisdom sheds its benign light on the nature of waking consciousness, and its power of renovation.

SHRAVAKA

A NOTE ON BUDDHIST AMITY (METTĀ)

[**Dr. B. C. Law** has made the Buddhist world his debtor by his scholarship and painstaking research in various aspects of Buddhist lore. In this paper he deals with a topic of perennial interest to all mystics as well as students of religious philosophies.

In our world of rivalries enmity is sustained: behind the diplomatist's words, running through formal trade agreements, hidden beneath social politeness and etiquette, and in a hundred other forms, unfriendliness pushes out living amity. Even in the precincts of family life personal selfishness sprouts and disturbs harmony.

Metta provides the power to achieve World Peace. No atom bomb can usher in peace—it is concentrated hatred; amity radiating from the human heart spreads peace and light everywhere. In Mother Nature herself the Power of Amity functions; but human ignorance and arrogance rejecting her mercy invites her justice, and then complains of her as "red in tooth and claw." Humanity is made up of human individuals, and the unfoldment of *metta* in the personal life is a contribution to world peace whose value is underrated.— ED.]

MRS. RHYS DAVIDS wrote an article on "Amity" for the *K. B. Pathak Commemoration Volume* in 1934 (pp. 57-67). In 1952 I made a detailed study of the subject and wrote a chapter on "Amity" in Buddhism for my *Indological Studies*, Pt. II (pp. 216-33). Shri S. K. Ramachandra Rao's article "The Real Significance of Friendliness in Buddhism" in THE ARYAN PATH (February 1958, p. 55) has attracted my attention. Having read it with great interest, I wish to record here some important points concerning Buddhist amity.

Out of the ten perfections (*pārami* or *pāramitās*)[1] fulfilled by the Bodhisatta Gautama by undergoing several births, *mettā* was one. He fulfilled *mettā-pāramitā* by cherishing love and friendliness towards his friends and foes alike, like water cooling both the virtuous and the sinner.[2] The *Buddhavaṃsa* shows that at least as far back as the second century B.C. *pāramitā* was treated as another term for *Buddhakarādhammā* or *Buddhakārakādhammā*, which means the virtues tending towards making a Buddha or maturing the life of a Bodhisatta for the attainment of Buddhahood in his last birth. Some hold that the *Buddhakārakādhammā* are the precepts to be observed to become a Buddha.

The *Saṃgha* (Buddhist Church) upheld the importance of amity and

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[1] LAW: *Cariyāpiṭaka*, 2nd ed., pp. 11-13; *Cariyāpiṭaka Commentary* (P.T.S.), p. 8.

[2] *Jātakanidānakathā*, Vol. I, p. 24.

left it as a worthy legacy to India. The true character of Buddhist ethics is well illustrated by the conception of friendship or love. In Mahayana Buddhism loving words to all sentient beings gain the hearts of enemies and keep the virtuous peacefully together.[3]

Mettā (Sanskrit *maitrī*) means amity, love, loving-kindness, sympathy, friendliness, benevolence and good will. It also means emancipation of the heart through love. It implies an active interest in others' welfare. It is nothing but the state of freedom from malice or absence of desire to do any injury (*avyāpāda*).[4] It signifies the feeling of affection[5] and wishing well. It is so called because the state is one of being a loved one or because it concerns a loved one.[6] It is defined not only as benevolence but also as charity. In the *Rigveda* as well as in the *Samhitās, Āraṇyakas* and *Brāhmaṇas*[7] we find that *maitrī* is the state of a *mitra* or friend. The *Śrimad-Bhagavad-gītā* (Ch. XII, 13-14) tells us that he who is free from hatred towards all living beings, who is friendly (*maitraḥ*) and compassionate towards them, is considered to be a great devotee of Śrī Kriṣṇa.

Mrs. Rhys Davids points out that *mitra* or friend may have meant *mihir*, the sun in Persian-Aryan sources, but it was as denoting a friendly divinity that the Indian Aryan valued the word.[8] Benevolence is personified as the daughter of Dakṣa and the wife of Dharma.[9] *Maitrī-vihāra* (dwelling in amity) may be taken to mean universal benevolence.[10]

Mettāvihārī (one who dwells in amity) is *araṇavihārī*, which means one who lives in seclusion, a hermit, hence a harmless, peaceful person.[11] According to the *Visuddhimagga*[12] no beings are ever against those living in amity. The cultivation of the sentiment of *maitrī* (love), *karuṇā* (compassion),[13] *muditā* (joy) and *upekṣā* (indifference, translated by Mrs. Rhys

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[3] YAMAKAMI SOGEN: *Systems of Buddhistic Thought*, p. 306.

[4] *Vibhaṅga* (P.T.S.), p. 86: *Yā sattesu metti mettāyana mettāyitattam mettā cetovimutti: ayam vuccati avyāpādadhātu.* Shri Ramachandra Rao's meaning of *avyāpāda* is far-fetched and not accurate.

[5] *Mejjatīti mettā siniyhati attho.*

[6] *Visuddhimagga*, pp. 317-18: *mittevā bhavā, mittassa vā esā pavattīti pi mettā.*

[7] *Rigveda*, 1.58.1; ii. 4.1.3; *Kāṭhakasamhitā*, xxvii, 4; *Taittirīya Āraṇyaka*, x. 80; *Aitareya Brāhmaṇa*, vi. 20.17; *Śatapatha Brāhmaṇa*, iv. 1, 4, 8; v. 3, 5, 13; xi, 4, 3, 20.

[8] *K. B. Pathak Commemoration Volume*, p. 59.

[9] MONIER WILLIAMS: *Sanskrit English Dictionary*, p. 834.

[10] *Cf. Buddhacarita-kāvya*, Ch. XIII, ver. 42.

[11] *P.T.S. Dictionary.*

[12] P.T.S. ed., p. 324.

[13] Mrs. Rhys Davids translates it as "pity"— *Wayfarer's Words*, III. 939. "Love for *Karuṇa* may be objected to perhaps on the ground that *Karuṇa* does not exactly correspond to the Christian notion of love. But if love is understood to be a sacrifice of the self for the sake of others, then *Karuṇa* can be correctly rendered as love." (D. T. SUZUKI: *Outlines of Mahayana Buddhism*, p. 296)

Davids as *poise*)[14] should be regarded as preparatory to soaring into the higher regions of thought. A friend is one who shows love (*mettāyati*), produces love (*Mettiṃ paccuṭṭhāpeti*) and also cherishes affection (*siṇehaṃ karoti*) towards others.[15] By repeated association and constant service friendship is generated, and it is lost by non-association and absence of service.[16] *Mettācittaṃ* (*mettā sahagatena cetasā*) is a heart full of love.[17] The expression "mind associated with love" (*mettā sahagatena cetasā*) signifies a heart accompanied by love from its inception. It also conveys the idea of a heart remaining with love in close connection with it.[18]

Amity is the path leading to the Brahma world.[19] It is one of the four immeasurables (*cattasso appamaññāyo*).[20] It is self-love that justifies love to all.[21] In the *Bṛhadāraṇyaka Upaniṣad* (IV. 5, 6) everything is dear to us because we may love the self. Love is the support of one who has obtained the emancipation of anything good.[22] When love in bodily, vocal and mental actions is shown by a monk towards his fellow brethren, both inwardly and outwardly, it brings affection and regard leading to concord, harmony, union and absence of strife in the order.[23] There is the attitude of amity or good will towards fellow men without restriction of colour or habitat.[24]

Amity is the root of merit, non-hatred (*adosa*), freedom from danger and obstacle, compassion, welfare and kindness (*kusalamūlam*).[25] It should be cultivated with freedom from anger and fear. It should be properly protected, after it is attained, against passion, hatred and delusion (*rāga, dosa* and *moha*).[26] One becomes free from malevolence if his heart is emancipated by love.[27] It is the universal rule that hatred does not cease by hatred but it ceases by love.[28] If a sacrifice is performed by one whose

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[14] *K. B. Pathak Commemoration Volume*, p. 63.

[15] *Jātaka*, I. 365.

[16] *Ibid.*, V. 209.

[17] *Samyutta*, V. 115; *Aṅg.*, I. 138; II. 129; IV. 390; V. 299, 344; *Dīgha*, I. 167; III. 49 ff., 78, 237.

[18] *Vibhaṅga*, pp. 272-3.

[19] *Suttanipāta Commentary*, P.T.S., p. 417: *mettam brahmalokamaggo ayam.*

[20] *Vibhaṅga*, 272.

[21] *Cf. Samyutta*, I, pp. 73-74; *cf.* Mrs. Rhys Davids: *Wayfarer's Words*, 403.

[22] *Visuddhimagga*, p. 324: *mettā subhavimokkhassa upanissayo hoti.*

[23] *Dīgha*, III. 245 ff., 279 ff.

[24] *Wayfarer's Words*, p. 416.

[25] *Niddesa*, 488; *cf. Dhammasangaṇi*, 189.

[26] *Cf. Atthasālinī*, pp. 192 ff. *Dosa* does not at all mean "aversion," as suggested by Shri Ramachandra Rao. *Moha* does not mean "mental clouding," as rendered by him.

[27] *Dīgha*, III. 247 ff.

[28] *Dhammapada*, ver. 5, "*Yamakavagga*": *Na hi verena verāni samantidha kudācanam. Averena ca sammanti eso dhamma sanantano*; *cf. Dhammapada-aṭṭhakatha*, I. 45.

mind has dispelled the darkness of delusion and realized the right view, having placed amity in the forefront (*mettā pubbaṅgamena*), that sacrifice will help him to get rid of anger, delusion and hatred.[29] On account of one's own thought on amity, no harm can be done to one.[30]

The same idea is found in the famous utterance of Christ: "Love your enemies", for "Vengeance is mine, I will repay."[31] Similarly the *Mahābhārata* ("*Bhīṣmaparva*," Ch. XXI, 10) points out that those who are desirous of victory do not conquer so much by might and prowess as by compassion, piety, virtue and truth. In the Tibetan version of the *Dhammapada* we find that the idea of love is expressed in the following line: "Hurt not others with what pains yourself."[32] The *Samyutta*[33] points out that the self-lover does not do any harm to anybody.

Mrs. Rhys Davids says that it is only in *mettā* that we come upon the idea of the relation between man and man which is independent of all social and worldly relations. *Mettā* appears with the distinctive qualification of freedom of mind or purpose. In *mettā* the man, the self, meets the man, the self, divested of other relations.[34] Monastic life will have served as a stimulus to that amity which was solely and absolutely disinterested, at least in theory.[35]

An elect (*thera*) really cherishes amity if he is wise, restrained and controlled, and if in him there exist truth and norm and if he is not harmful to others. Surely he is devoted to non-harming (*ahiṃsā*).[36] Mettā is counted as one of the four *Brahmavihāras* or divine states.[37] It brings freedom of mind (*mettaṃ ceta-vimuttiṃ bhāveti*).[38] In four divine states (infinitudes) a monk lives pervading one quarter of the world with thoughts of love, pity, sympathy in joy and equanimity.[39] When a monk cultivates the heart of love (*mettācittaṃ*), which is free from enmity (*averam*) and suffering (*avyāpajjhaṃ*), he surely lives in this world depending on the emancipation of mind and wisdom, being free from sins after

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[29] *Suttanipāta Commentary*, p. 417.

[30] *Milindapañho*, Trenckner's ed., 198 ff.

[31] *Matthew*, 5.44; *Romans*, 12.19.

[32] *Wayfarer's Words*, II, p. 579 fn.

[33] *Samyutta*, I, p. 75.

[34] *Wayfarer's Words*, p. 583.

[35] *K. B. Pathak Commemoration Volume*, p. 63.

[36] *Dhammapada*, ver. 261.

[37] *Visuddhimagga*, p. 111; *Lalitavistara*, Ch. XXI, 310, 4-5. Mrs. Rhys Davids calls four *Brahmavihāras* "four divine abidings" (*Wayfarer's Words*, I, p. 169; *cf. Suttanipāta*, P.T.S., pp. 217-218).

[38] *Aṅg.*, I. 38; *cf. Majjhima*, I. 351.

[39] *Dīgha*, III, pp. 223-4.

destroying them and realizing supernatural knowledge.[40] One who cultivates amity knows the effect of his past misdeeds, which will not follow him afterwards (*Aṅguttara*, V, pp. 299 ff.).

A monk who dwells in amity, putting faith in the teachings of the Buddha, obtains the peaceful state and happiness due to the destruction of constituent elements or confections.[41] According to the *Dhammapada Commentary* (P.T.S., Vol. IV. p. 108) one dwells in amity, having performed an act under the influence of love, existing in the third and fourth stages of meditation (*...Kammaṃ karonto pi mettāvasena tikacatutthajhānaṃ ṭhito pi mettāvihārī*). Mrs. Rhys Davids says that the Buddhist names three of the *cittas* as amity, pity and joy.[42] According to the *Suttanipāta* (507) the thought of immeasurable love is to be cultivated (*cittam bhāvayaṃ appamānaṃ*). One who is free from passion will expel hatred, cultivating thoughts of immeasurable love. Being ardent day and night, always, he spreads infinite goodness in all directions.[43]

The thought of amity is cultivated for the attainment of *Brahmaloka* or the highest state of existence.[44] Not being able to go beyond saintship one obtains *Brahmaloka*, falling down from that state, like one who is wide awake after sleep.[45]

In Buddhism *Kalyāṇamittatā* expresses amity between man and man. It means the state of a virtuous friend or a good companion.[46] In its technical or semi-technical sense it is taken to mean that of a spiritual guide.

According to the *Mettā Sutta* of the *Khuddakapāṭha* and *Suttanipāta* he who seeks to avoid rebirth should be gentle, upright, conscientious and not conceited. He should not do anything harmful. He should be contented and easily supported by others. He should be skilful and he should control his senses. He must be free from greediness and arrogance. He should cultivate boundless amity to all beings and good will towards all the world.[47] Let all creatures be happy and prosperous. One should not deceive another and should not show disrespect to anyone. Let unbounded good will prevail over the world. Without accepting false views the virtuous, possessed of insight, should subdue his desire for sensual pleasures. *Muditā*

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[40] *Ibid.*, I, p. 167.

[41] *Dhammapada*, ver. 368; *cf. Divyāvadāna*, p. 401; *Mahāvastu*, I. 165; III. 421, 523.

[42] *Majjhima*, I. 242; Mrs. Rhys Davids: *Wayfarer's Words*, I. 134.

[43] *Suttanipāta*, V. 507.

[44] *Aṅg.*, II. 129; *Suttanipāta Commentary*, 418; *Petavatthu Commentary*, 167.

[45] *Visuddhimagga*, p. 314: *mettāsamāpattito uttarim avahattam adhigantum asakkonto ito cavitvā suttappabuddha viya brahmalokam upapajjati.*

[46] *Cf. Dhammapada*, vers. 14, 67, 272.

[47] *Khuddakapāṭha*, pp. 8-9; *Suttanipāta*, pp. 25-26 — *Mettasutta*, vers. 143-52.

is "disinterested love" (*P.T.S. Dictionary*). The *Suttanipāta Commentary* (P.T.S., p. 128) speaks thus: "Sirs, beings indeed rejoice and rejoice well. Rejoicing is desire separated from welfare and happiness."[48]

The *Sāma Jātaka*[49] tells us that the Bodhisatta Sāma (who was destined to be a Buddha) practised meditation on friendliness, not being terrified by the ferocious animals which surrounded him. From *Ekarāja Jataka*[50] we learn that Ekarāja desired friendliness (*mettā*) for the enemy, although the enemy in his presence cut off his ministers and subjects and seized his wife and son.

Love is extolled as pre-eminent in the *Itivuttaka*. Amity shines, glows and radiates.[51] It is better to develop love so as to bring ecstasy. Affectionate expressions, tender feeling, virtue, learning and other qualities possessed by his dear, affectionate and respected persons should be remembered by him to cultivate amity. He should develop love towards those persons, thinking, May they live happily![52] The development of love for one's own self does not bring ecstasy.[53] The mental emancipation through love pervading quarters in ten forms can be understood by one who has obtained ecstasy.[54]

To make the mind steady by *Jhāna* (*dhyāna*)[55] one should think of

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[48] *Modanti vata bhonto sattā modanti sādhu suṭṭhūti*
ādinā nayena hitasukhavippayoga-kāmatā muditā
Cf. Dīgha, I. 251; *Aṅg.* I. 196.

[49] *Jātaka*, VI, 68-95.

[50] *Ibid.*, III, 13-15.

[51] *Itivuttaka*, 19 ff.; *cf. Aṅg.*, IV, p. 151.

[52] *Visuddhimagga*, p. 297 ff.

[53] *Ibid.*, pp. 295 ff.

[54] *Ibid.*, pp. 309 ff.

[55] *Jhāna* or ecstatic musing was a very long-standing practice similar to the *yoga* of the Hindus. The four *jhānas* consist in the process of systematic elimination of factors in consciousness. Altogether five factors are involved in each process of *jhāna* or meditation at its inception, namely, *vitakka* (reasoning), *vicāra* (investigation), *pīti* (joy), *sukha* (happiness) and *ekaggatā* (contemplation). The first factor is rendered as initial application as it directs its concomitant properties towards the object. *Vicāra* is rendered as sustained application because it permits the continued exercise of the thought on the object. *Pīti* is that factor in consciousness which creates an interest in the same object. *Sukha* is nothing but the pleasant, easeful and happy feeling which results from the attainment of the condition sought for. *Ekaggatā* is the element of individualization which develops from time to time into *samādhi* or rapt concentration. In the first stage of meditation or ecstatic musing the five elements are present. In the second stage the first two are eliminated. In the third the first three are eliminated, leaving *sukha* and *ekaggatā*. In the fourth *sukha* is replaced by *upekkhā* and there remain two elements, namely *upekkhā* and *ekaggatā*. *Ekaggatā* is the most essential condition of the entire process of *jhāna*.

Shri Ramachandra Rao's rendering of *jhāna* as "mental absorption" is unacceptable. *Jhāna* means meditation, contemplation, religious meditation or abstraction of the mind, mystic or abstract meditation, ecstasy, trance, abstract musing.

maitrī or universal love or friendship. In all stages of meditation the meditator lives pervading one quarter with a heart possessed of love. He lives being free from enmity and ill-will, above, below, across, in all directions, everywhere in the whole world with a heart full of great and immeasurable love.[56] Really speaking, he has no enemy.[57] The Buddha instructed his disciples thus:—

> You should live touching the whole world with a mind associated with love, great and immeasurable, being free from enmity and danger. The five obstacles[58] and the impurities of mind should be removed by associating your mind with love and by means of wisdom.[59] Love should be practised, increased and thoroughly known.[60]

One who dwells in amity (*mettāvihārī*) is one of the ten persons worthy of qualities inherent in the vows (*dhutaguṇāvahā* or leading to the ascetic practices).[61] Amity should be cultivated for one's own self and for others. It should be spread with a heart full of love. This is the doctrine of the Buddhas.[62] An earnest and strenuous monk makes no distinction between men but cherishes an equal love towards those who rob or hurt or bear enmity to him and those who are like unto himself.[63] He should keep his mind besmeared with the medicine of love (*mettābhesajjena*) while going into the world, where there are anger and hatred, quarrels, strifes, disputes and enmities.[64]

According to the *Milindapañho,* which is an important non-canonical Pali work, these virtues are virtues not attached to the personality of one who loves, but to the actual presence of love that he has called up in his heart (p. 199). We know that the early Buddhists believed in the power of a subjective love over external circumstances, as pointed out by T. W. Rhys Davids.[65] The cultivation of love is productive of all virtuous conditions of mind both in good and in evil ones. To all beings who are in the bonds of consciousness the cultivation of love is of great advantage,

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[56] *Visuddhimagga,* p. 308 ; *cf. Paṭisambhidāmagga,* ii. 130 ; *cf. Dīgha,* II, p. 186; *Ibid.,* III. p. 49.

[57] *Jātaka,* IV. 71 : *Veram tassa na kenacit.*

[58] The five obstacles (*nīvaraṇas*) are lust, malice, sloth, pride and doubt.

[59] *Samyutta,* V. 115 ff. ; *Ibid.,* II. 265.

[60] *Ibid.,* II. 265 : *cetovimutti bhāvitā bahulikatā yānikatā . . . paricitā.*

[61] *Milindapañho,* p. 352 ; *Dhutaguṇa* is a name for the *Dhutaṅgas,* which are some ascetic practices, thirteen in number, the observance of which is meritorious in a Buddhist priest — CHILDERS's *Pali Dictionary,* p. 123.

[62] *Milindapañho,* p. 394.

[63] *Ibid.,* p. 410.

[64] *Ibid.,* p. 394.

[65] *The Questions of King Milinda,* p. 182 fn. (S.B.E.).

and therefore love (*mettā*) should be cultivated.[66]

There are many metaphors to expound the Buddhist doctrine of amity or love or friendliness.[67] Love is the best physician, love is the best sauce, love makes hate to end and reconciles friend to friend.[68] The general Buddhist conception of all-embracing love is regarded as a means of attaining perfection. The all-pervading kindness of the Buddhist should be cultivated to reach that absolute serenity in which the love formerly desired by him is implicitly suppressed. Through this love or kindness evil passions in one's own self should be brought under control till the better state of absolute indifference is attained.[69]

Friendliness and firm devotion are the good qualities of a person fit to be appointed as councillor or officer according to the *Kauṭilīya-Arthaśāstra* (1.9). An echo of it is found in Aśvaghoṣa's conception of an ideal king.[70] Aśvaghoṣa points out that through the exercise of love (*maitrī*) on the part of the best of the sages (the Buddha), the shower of hot coals scattered, full of sparks, at the foot of the Bo-tree, became a shower of red lotus leaves (*rakttotpalapatravarṣaḥ*).[71] The Buddha, with his heart full of amity, requested his disciple Ānanda to ordain his step-brother Nanda to save him from delusion.[72] Dr. Keith is right in pointing out that the Buddha's love for the world is like that of a father for his sick child.[73] Nanda had all his desires fulfilled after the drinking, like a calf from the cow, of the Buddha's teaching "with the teats of benevolence (*maitrī*), the beautiful dewlap of clear expression, the milk of the good law and the horn of imagination."[74]

In Jainism Mahāvīra renounced the world to establish a universal religion of love and amity. The blissfulness of the entire being was the goal set by him before mankind. This happy state can be attained through suffering and sacrifice, love and kindness.[75] According to Māhavīra, love, love towards the suffering world, love towards the happy, and love towards

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[66] *Milindapañho*, p. 200 — *Sabbakusalagunāvahā mettābhāvanā hitānam pi ahitānam pi. Ye te sattā viññānabaddhā sabbesam ānisamsā mettābhāvanā samvibhajitabbā.*

[67] *Aṅg.*, IV. 150; *Jat.*, III, pp. 13-15; VI, pp. 68-95; *Petavatthu Commentary*, P.T.S., p. 66; *Mahāvastu*, III, pp. 349, 357; *Ibid.*, II, p. 234.

[68] HOPKINS: *Ethics of India*, p. 160.

[69] *Cf. Ibid.*, 136.

[70] *Vide Saundarananda-kāvya*, II, 18: *Sauhārdadṛḍhabhaktitvān maitreṣu.*

[71] *Buddhacarita-kāvya*, XIII. 42.

[72] *Saundarananda-kavya*, Canto V, v. 34.

[73] *Buddhist Philosophy*, pp. 280-1.

[74] *Saundarananda-kāvya*, XVIII. 11.
Maitrīstanim vyañjana cārusāsnām saddharmadugdhām pratibhāṇaśṛṅgām
tavāsmigām sādhu nipīya tṛptatṛsevagāmuttamavatsavarṇah.

[75] LAW: *Mahāvira: His Life and Teachings*, p. 54.

the criminal or cruel person are the four ways to meditate on the purity of mind.[76]

The love of the Buddhists was as truly emotional as that of the Christians and was not limited or motived by formal rules.[77] The apostle Paul has summed up the Christian conception of love thus: "Owe no man any thing, but to love one another: for he that loveth another hath fulfilled the law....Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself.[78] Love worketh no ill to his neighbour."[79]

B. C. LAW

THIS is the great justice of creation, that every one makes for himself the conditions of his future life. Deeds will not be requited to the man through exterior rewards or punishments; there is no heaven and no hell in the usual sense of the Christian, the Jew, the heathen, into which the soul may enter after death. It makes neither a spring upward nor a fall downward, nor comes to a standstill; it does not break asunder, nor dissolve into the universal; but, after it has passed through the great transition, death, it unfolds itself according to the unalterable law of nature upon earth.

—G. T. FECHNER

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[76] *Ibid.*, pp. 102-3.

[77] KEITH, *Buddhist Philosophy*, p. 117.

[78] *Cf. Bodhicaryāvatāra* of ŚANTIDEVA, viii. 90 ff.: "One must treat his neighbour precisely as himself."

[79] *Romans*, XIII. 8-10.

THE IRISH WRITING ON THE WALL

[**Mr. R. M. Fox,** a well-known writer on the heroes of the Irish Revolution as well as on the problems of our industrial age, draws attention here to a hopeful contribution by his small but determined country to the solution of international tensions. The affording by the United Nations of opportunities for the smaller nations, with their often greater relative detachment, to gain a hearing for their views is not the least of the United Nations' contributions to world stability. But wise counsel mildly offered needs the friendship of listening ears and open minds.—Ed.]

EVERYWHERE in the world there are signs today that people are growing more and more restive under the threat of annihilation by means of the atom bomb. Pressure is being put on statesmen to try a new way of peaceful negotiation to bring harmony in place of conflict into world relations.

The attitude of the Republic of Ireland towards the present world crisis is a pointer of some importance as showing the drift of public opinion. Ireland has been admitted only recently to the United Nations. From the war period onward the country held a position of detachment in world affairs. But it was assumed by many that Irish statesmen would support the American line, not only because of close ties and sympathies with the United States but also because Ireland is determinedly hostile to the *régimes* in Russia and in China.

Yet Mr. Frank Aiken, Minister for External Affairs, who represented Ireland at a recent United Nations meeting in Geneva, advanced the view that military forces of the East and West blocs should be withdrawn from Europe so as to create a peace belt in place of the existing centres of irritation where hostile forces, bristling with arms, glare suspiciously at each other. He condemned the armaments race as one of futility, danger and stalemate, urging that a new start would have to be made with a new international policy.

Not only did Ireland take this firmly independent line but Mr. Aiken also supported and voted for the Indian proposal that the question of the representation of the Chinese Republic in the Assembly should be placed on the agenda for discussion. Both in Ireland and in Irish-American circles this stand came under criticism, but the Minister and the Government held firm.

Everyone knows that the Irish Republic is flint-like in its opposition to Russia and China. Yet the fact that it is detached from present world

conflicts, has no Imperialist aims and has only just entered the United Nations makes it possible for Ireland to take a more objective view of the world situation than those who are more closely involved in the long-standing controversies of the post-war years and so find it harder to accept a new approach.

This Irish peace policy put forward at Geneva had been carefully deliberated by the Government, which was not responsive to any left trend or bias. It is clear that from an objective survey of the present situation the Irish Government was convinced that world peace could only be advanced by reversing the existing bellicose policy and creating a neutral zone which would foster a peaceful atmosphere and no longer stress competition in armaments. That, in fact, was Mr. Aiken's submission when he replied to criticisms at home, and in this he was supported by Mr. de Valera, as head of the Government. From their largely conservative position they defended their decision as wise and logical.

It is true that Mr. Aiken argued that to vote for putting the question of the Chinese Republic's representation in the Assembly on the agenda did not necessarily mean that Ireland would support its admission. From a purely formal standpoint this is quite accurate. But unless Ireland believes that there is a strong case for the Peking Government's admission it was hardly worth while to urge a discussion. It is common knowledge that Chiang Kai-shek, with his American-supported and subsidized Formosa base, does not and cannot represent the 600 million Chinese people of the mainland.

Britain conceded this in principle when she recognized Peking. In Shanghai, over a year ago, I saw notices on buildings in the old Concession quarter, signed by the British Consul, stating that these were the property of British citizens (the Cathay Land Co.) and asking that care should be taken of them. Such a relation between London and Peking underlines the ridiculousness of the claim that Formosa can continue to usurp the representation of China in the United Nations and to call for war—which can only mean total world war—to try to regain control over China. In Canton my interpreter showed me, with a smile, the place where Chiang Kai-shek had abandoned most of his baggage before he fled precipitately from that mainland which he now claims to represent.

Yet, important as that issue is, it is really secondary as compared with the New Deal recommended by Ireland to bring world peace nearer and to place international relations on a higher plane than the present wretched condition of menace and threat. In Ireland it was noticeable that hostile critics of the Government's attitude—during the Dail debate—took the

line that Ireland should have supported their friends in America and in the West. This appeal meant that they were unwilling to discuss the realities of the case. They merely attempted to cash in on the prejudice against Russia and China. The Government was able to brush all this aside, for there was no case to meet.

The real question is whether the policy urged by Ireland is calculated to bring world peace nearer and to put world relations on a more secure and friendly basis. Long-standing friendships and matters of ideology are quite irrelevant. Government spokesmen made this clear. With the present stalemate between East and West, they urged, a new line was obviously needed in international affairs if progress was to be made. Ireland, they said, had both the right and the duty to take an independent line and to voice the world's need for peace in the Assembly. That Ireland, without the slightest sympathy with Russia or China, should adopt this realistic attitude is surely the writing on the wall.

R. M. Fox

REFORM OUR OWN NATURE

A SCIENTIFIC APPROACH to value judgments is attempted by Mr. H. J. Muller, writing in *Science* (Washington) for March 21st on "Human Values in Relation to Evolution." One need not accept the premise that "blind mutation, genetic recombination and natural selection" underlie physiological evolution and the implication that man is but a higher animal, whom genetic measures can help to achieve and advance his values. Despite his approach, however, Mr. Muller's search for human values high among psychological needs leads to conclusions not very different from the values upheld in "the religious and ethical systems of non-scientific peoples" which had "resulted in behaviour conducive to the survival and extension of the group."

And the reorientation he urges as the reshaping of our motivations "in accordance with our modern knowledge of the world and ourselves" is fundamentally a spiritual one, describe it how he may. "Each man must ever more strongly identify himself with humanity in general" for his efforts to be "in accord with the objective end of the species — namely its survival and extension."

> ...intelligence and co-operation, culminating in ourselves, have not merely constituted one of the lines of nature's development, but *the* one which...has become by far the most prominent.

"It is," he declares, "our business to take it as much farther as we can, in the creativity of our co-ordinated, voluntary efforts" and in so doing to "reform our own natures, and enhance our own values."

"WHERE THE MIND IS WITHOUT FEAR..."

[WE live in a fear-ridden world. Since "freedom from fear" was named by Franklin D. Roosevelt as one of the "four essential human freedoms," fear has grown and spread until it seems to hold in its icy tentacles the majority of the human race. The fact is as full of danger to world peace as it is to individual peace of mind because of the sinister relation between fear and hate. The prescription that **Shri A. Iswaran** offers is the calm detachment of the Adwaita philosopher, which is closely parallel to Sri Krishna's teaching in the *Bhagavad-Gita* of action without concern for its fruits. Perhaps we have never needed more than today to accept this counsel and to remember also that "perfect love casteth out fear....He that feareth is not made perfect in love."—ED.]

IN the Upanishads we are told that when the first ray of creation shot forth from the unmanifest Dark, the Being destined to be creator of the universe awoke into life and, realizing Its absolute loneliness, It was seized with fear. Here we have an insight into one of life's fundamentals. Fear was the first feeling to spring up in that primeval Being, the first thread to be woven into the basic pattern of life. Of course, the Upanishad goes on to say that the Being reasoned within Itself and found out that fear is possible only where there is a second entity, that in absolute unity there is no fear at all. But this realization came later and even if it did come to that Being it has been completely overwhelmed by and lost in the flood of multiplicity that poured out on the day of creation. And today we find fear permeating every pore of life from within and without. Like some giant tree with its roots reaching down to the bowels of the earth, and its lofty growth overspreading the sky, fear fills in each moment of time and every particle of matter. This is the experience of most men in whatever field or fields of life they may be.

The proverbial saying that the young know no fear does not hold water. The newborn infant is in constant fear of losing its stability and grips with unimaginable firmness anything it lays its hands upon. The child slowly grows into a well-behaved youth through the fear of his elders; the adolescent limps awkwardly into manhood, leaning all the while on the fear of ridicule; and from manhood to the chamber of death it is but a straight race with fear—or rather fears, some at our heels, some quite ahead and many of them running neck to neck with us. The pity of it all is that at the end of the run man collapses into the very arms of fear: the fear of death.

Man's whole life is a continual effort to get at some thing or things and

to possess them. Whatever may be the object of desire, be it material prosperity, educational advancement, popularity in society—all of these things have this one trait in common; they give pain, prior to possession, during possession, at the time of dispossession and ever after. Prior to the possession of a certain desired object there is pain in the struggle to possess it. One becomes restless to get it by hook or by crook and is maddened by the fear that if he is not quick and careful it may never be his. Once obtaining the object, he is obsessed with the thought of how to retain it, because there is the irrevocable law that anything which comes must go some time or other. So the fear of losing it clouds the very joy of possession. That is why people in poverty are anxious to earn money and those who have a handsome income must also worry, about where to deposit it safely.

When wealth begins to slip through the fingers, when the bank declares insolvency or the business fails, or there is fire, robbery—any one of a hundred possibilities—then it is heart-rending. Man feels that he is worse than dead. Being alive, he cannot keep quiet, he must again strive to regain lost capital or transfer his desire to some other object and strive for it. In any case the same grinding-wheel goes round and round.

He is a very strange thing—this creature "man." With fear spread all over the face of life, he loves to live and wants to live without fear. He thinks he will outdistance fear at the next corner, will somehow elude it and escape. So, determined, he sets off—and herein he shows his strangeness—towards the very place where fear lies in wait, that is to say, man begins to hoard things in order to save himself from fear. If an ordinary man he sets his heart upon usual things: a wife, a pet dog, a racing car, a TV set. A nation begins to amass atomic weapons, H-bombs, ICBM's and so on. The fear factor is the same in either case. And each object which man touches, not necessarily with his greedy hands but even with his very greed, is like a dark hole that leads him direct into the snake pit of fear. That is why, with all his modern advancement and increasing efficiency in getting at things and hoarding them, man has not succeeded in getting rid of fear but instead has got ever more entangled in its pythonic coils. What then should he do? How can he live without seeking, without attaining something?

The *Bhagavad-Gita,* having analyzed the difficulty, declares the nature and cause of the disease in a single precious verse:—

> These pleasures born of sense perception are verily the seeds of sorrow.
> They have a beginning and an end. Hence the wise do not revel in them.

The word "perception" derives both its form and its meaning from the

Sanskrit "*sparsha,*" which is more commonly used in the sense of "touch." By using this word here the *Gita* intends to convey much more than is understood by "contact" or "touch." It is not by mere physical possession or sense contact that objects excite pleasure or pain in man. Man has to "perceive" pleasure or pain in the object. An object in itself has no value, no power to affect a man in any way.

There is much in the story of the bright little student who, when asked by the school inspectress, "Who made you?" answered modestly: "God made me so small; the rest I grew myself." This is true of every soul on earth. The supreme Cause emanated the objects of the universe; but man has made out of them innumerable pairs of opposites, desirable and undesirable, useful and useless, ugly and beautiful. In this way man goes on giving values and fixing labels to every object that comes his way and reacts to them according to the labels he has given. This is the deeper meaning of 'perception" through the senses.

If this perception, this labelling process, is abandoned, deliberately at first and naturally after practice, then the outer perception of objects still takes place, and man may act according to it, but the inner reactions of attraction and repulsion cannot arise in him. As long as these reactions do not drive man to constructive and destructive activity there is no occasion for fear and its brood of sorrows. So the disinfectant for the germ of fear is this lack of "perception" or *sparsha*. That is to say, non-perception or *asparsha* of this type is the remedy. The great Vedantin philosopher, Gaudapada, therefore, chose to call this "*asparsha yoga.*"

Gaudapada perfected this line of ideation to such an extent as to make it the loftiest in human thought, the shining pinnacle of the Vedanta philosophy. Some hold it to be too high and its atmosphere too rarefied to be habitable by the common run of people. But it is the melting snows of this height that have fed all the valleys below. We directly apply the *asparsha yoga* in practical life in the form of the philosophy of detachment which teaches that the things to be given up are not material objects. That would be impossible. Even if we go to the remotest cave or desert our bodies will exist and so also will the universe around. But if we give up perceiving them as objects to be acquired or avoided, then we are free from the grip of fear. By constant analysis and the clear conviction that no object has any value except what we give to it, and hence that nothing can hold sway over us unless we first yield to its attractions, it is possible to guide our whole life in every minutest detail on the smooth track of peace and purposefulness.

But the snag is that man refuses to get on to this track, like a frightened

colt shying at the saddle. Gaudapada says in his *Mandukya Karika*:—

> This path of the name of *asparsha yoga* is not easily seen by all aspirants (who lack the right knowledge). For, they become frightened of it, seeing fear in fearlessness.

Here again is an insight into human nature and the counterpart of the singular behaviour of man which we have already noted is revealed here. Not only does man mistake the abodes of fear for harbours in which to hide from it, but also he shuns as dreadful the actual path to fearlessness. The very word "detachment" frightens a person. The modern man very often tries to veneer this fear with a show of "righteous indignation" and condemns detachment outright as a negative attitude to life, detrimental to all progress and prosperity.

In his desperate fear of detachment, he even tries to attack religion because religion is inseparably connected with it. If there is any single factor common to all the great living religions of the world, it is this inner detachment from material things.

This again is the trait that characterizes every one of the outstanding personalities who have made the spiritual history of man. From Socrates to Gandhiji, not to speak of the *Rishis* and Saints of prehistoric days, innumerable shining examples have demonstrated the secret of fearlessness, even by taking upon themselves the tortures of death. It is the lives of these leaders that can withstand the blind assault of man against his own well-being. Who but they can help humanity in its fear of the very means to fearlessness? They are the "salt of the earth," the "beacons of hope" whom Matthew Arnold invokes in "Rugby Chapel." They remove the obstacles in the road and set the wheel rolling on the smooth track. Seeing them walk fearlessly, the crowd begins to lose fear and to follow their footsteps as far as possible.

And the profit of this path is reaped at every step you take. By as much detachment as you practise the less of fear you have. This is as certain as the physical rule that every mouthful you eat will appease your hunger to that extent. You do not have to wait till the end of the quest and go on trudging through life with empty hands. As you proceed you begin to receive more and more strength to overcome greater fears, while sweetness and light gather round that imperturbable mood of mind which lasts ever after. Hence, while advocating this *dharma* of detachment Sri Krishna put forth this attractive result: "Even a little practice of this saves one from great fear," including, we may add, the fear of nuclear war.

What else but passion on the intercontinental level is at the root of the mad armament race and threat of universal suicide? We are sure that

even a little dispassion practised on an equally universal scale will be enough to put out this conflagration.

The fact is, however, that such universal practice will not materialize at the mere wish for it, or by the naming of it. It must begin with intensive individual effort. After all, it is the individuals who make up the crowd, the nation, the world. "The crowd is untruth," said Kierkegaard: it is a vague, formless entity exploited for executing the most atrocious deeds and getting away with them. Everyone thinks he can act as he likes and that what he does has nothing to do with world affairs. When something goes wrong with the latter and it recoils on himself he begins to criticize and curse the times and the world, which cannot turn upon him to administer what is due to a culprit. So it goes on, and there is no end to the so-called degradation of the world and the dread of the individual.

Let but each man reflect that part of the responsibility for the world's welfare rests on his own thoughts and actions. Let him but be convinced that, to save himself and the world from a future crash, or to atone for the ruin already wrought, he must put away as much of passion for material things, as many seeds of sorrow and fear, as his capacity permits. Then we may hope to do away with the necessity for peace commissions and for protests against test-explosions.

This may sound incredible but it is certainly not illogical; and, whether we wish it or not, this is the fact. All other efforts for independence and security will depend on this for their fruition. As long as each individual, each country, is internally bound and externally harassed by fear, what can material advancement and parliaments achieve? In Tagore's famous prayer for his country awakening into the "heaven of freedom" the first necessity on which the poet's insight alights is absence of fear.

Fearlessness is the opening into the practical field, "Where tireless striving stretches its arms towards perfection."

A. ISWARAN

"HUMAN, ALL TOO HUMAN"

[**The Reverend E. G. Lee** recognizes the human urge to transcend the limitations under which man lives and with which he has to deal. It was some feeling like this that the poet Samuel Daniel expressed in the lines

> Unless above himself he can
> Erect himself, how poor a thing is man!

This aspiration may be called "the divine discontent." It compels a sincere man to examine his real and inner religion, in contradistinction to his outer religious persuasion. Intellectual integrity and moral sincerity are rare; they are overpowered by the dire influence which civilization exerts, with the result that cant and hypocrisy flourish. Soul-wisdom and not book-knowledge is the need of man today. His heredity is self-made; his limitations are self-created; his false learning is his foe; the truth within him is submerged. Not slavish conformity to superstitions which darken the light of the soul but fearless inquiry into the moral order of the human kingdom will show a man that he should abandon church and follow Christ, that he should reject the mummery of priestcraft and live by the Wisdom of Krishna, Buddha and the Great Perfected Souls. These are Men of a different *kind*: degrees of differences, mental and moral, exist, and there are learned and ignorant men; also morally evil and good men; but Prophets and Perfected Great Souls are Luminous Beings, Archetypal, with a message for every man. These ideas modern humanity needs.—ED.]

AN INCREASING NUMBER of people born within the Christian religion now make a distinction between the tradition in which they were born and a theistic belief. They still call themselves Christians but they do not accept the orthodox Christian doctrine. This, I suppose, must be true, in other particulars, in other religious frameworks, of men of other religions. They do not accept orthodox doctrines; they find no conviction in secular religions; and vaguely they remain theistic in a background of traditional belief that they no longer accept.

I want if possible to define this situation and try to suggest a solution with which all theists can begin to explore the new realities of their tentative belief.

I am aware of the existence of human nature and the impressive fact, sometimes for the ethical man the terrible fact, that it is human. That is to say it is something different from the good and evil which war or exist in it; it is a life, a something, a fact, in which good and evil exist, but which must be thought of as apart from these. All men have the capacity

to choose between good and evil, but all men also have humanity by which the choice must be made, and of which good and evil are only a part. The words divine and satanic are sometimes used to describe the nature of man, but in no man—save in perhaps what is claimed for the ideal figure of Christianity—is the divine seen absolutely alone or the satanic alone. They meet within the humanity of a man. They are blurred and intertwined there.

If a man merely had to choose between a clear right and wrong, without carrying about with him his racial past, his unconscious life, his social environment, his living tension between body and spirit, then perhaps everything could be explained in terms of ethical conduct. But he knows this cannot be done. The good man is often the man who is conscious of his failure in ethical choosing, and the inevitability of this; he is aware that he is human, all too human; the evil man—if such a clear-cut distinction can be made—is often the man who is not troubled by any failure. Within the facts of human existence goodness is not always self-explanatory; evil is to the evil, and it is a part of evil's nature that it is self-explanatory. There is an incompleteness in goodness, and there is an incompleteness in evil. The good man is incomplete because he knows that his goodness is not enough. The evil man is incomplete because he thinks his evil is enough. Within all the raw material of what a man is, his human nature, he comes up against a blank wall which ethical conduct does not explain.

This may very well be illustrated through the life of a good man. The good man is good because he has to act within his human nature, yet within it, all his goodness, even of the most exalted kind, is circumscribed —not by evil, because in this case the good man can will no evil—but by the very nature of the self that must do the willing. If Mahatma Gandhi be taken as an example of the good man then his goodness can surely be seen working in the limitations of his own and other people's natures. Let it, for example, be confined to his own nature, and who would dare say—certainly not the Mahatma himself—that it could be released from his humanity so that it could be seen pure and unalloyed and quite certain in its results? If goodness be placed, as it must be placed, in the whole range of human beings, who would dare say, without a shadow of doubt, that there Gandhi's goodness would create the results associated with goodness?

Gandhi's pacifism, for example, was one thing in him; it could conceivably be a different thing in other people. In him, as ideal conduct, it could remain unpolluted by what he was; it might not remain so unspotted in

the lives of others. It would have to find its freedom in the whole range of human life; and who could be so sure of human life as it is, particularly of human life as the only reality known to itself, that Gandhi's goodness could be goodness there? Human life, in order to transcend its own reality, in order to transform its own limitations when seen through the eyes of ethical conduct, has to perceive a reality other than itself through which it is saved from its own being.

The philosopher Kant has stated the human dilemma in these terms:—

> To depict the character of the perfectly wise man is impracticable. There is indeed something absurd, and far from edifying in such an attempt, inasmuch as the natural limitations, which are constantly doing violence to the completeness of the ideal, make the illusion that is aimed at altogether impossible, and so cast suspicion on the good itself.[1]

The perfectly wise man does not exist because inevitably he must be human. This is the situation into which all ethical interpretations of human existence are plunged. Of themselves they could lead to pessimism. It is a situation which, one must suppose, must be basic for humanity, wherever humanity is conscious of itself.

A solution may be suggested by some recent typical words of Bertrand Russell:—

> I think all the great religions of the world — Buddhism, Hinduism, Christianity, Islam, and Communism — both untrue and harmful. It is evident as a matter of logic that since they disagree, not more than one of them can be true.[2]

This may be so as a matter of logic, but as a matter of experience, if anything written here is of universal validity, there is an urge within all these religions — even in Communism — particularly felt by those who have broken away from dogmatic claims, to find an ultimate experience common to all, a hope that it may be shared by all. The human situation of itself suggests this need. And tentatively it may be stated as follows: Man is not at home in his humanity. He has an urge, just because he is not at home in it, to transcend it. The basis of his discomfort, of the feeling that all is not well, does not lie in the incompleteness of all ethical action, but in the inescapable fact that ethical action must take place in human nature. It is human nature in itself which makes the moral ideal of itself ultimately unattainable. Thus man is constantly under the need to thrust beyond human nature. Through the very fact of its existence he

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[1] *Critique of Pure Reason*. By IMMANUEL KANT; translated by NORMAN KEMP SMITH.

[2] *Why I Am Not a Christian*. By BERTRAND RUSSELL.

is made aware of something else, or the possibility of something else, that will take him from himself and give him the assurance that his infinite dissatisfaction can be transformed into infinite satisfaction through acquaintance with that other beyond himself. And all this rests not upon some supposed attainable human ideal in the remote future, but upon the here and now realities of being human and existing. In short, religion is the need felt by man to reach beyond the limitations of his human existence and to find elsewhere the key to the meaning of his whole being. Without this key he can become nauseated with his humanity and all consequences and decisions that are based upon it. He becomes human, all too human. And this is the reality of all religions.

E. G. LEE

AN UNNATURAL SITUATION

PROFESSOR D. M. DATTA's leading article, "India's Debt to the West in Philosophy" in *Philosophy East and West* (Vol. VI, No. 3) is thought-provoking. Few familiar with Indian religio-philosophical thought can rejoice that for about a century the graduates of Indian universities, with distinguished exceptions, have been studying mostly Western philosophy, "adopting its problems, its theories and its ways of thinking as their own." The arid materialistic trend of current Western thought makes its study but too likely to imprison spirituality while enthroning scepticism, whereas the primitive teaching of the ancient Aryans offers a soul-satisfying philosophy.

Professor Datta acknowledges India's debt to "Western Orientalists, thinkers, and academic philosophers for rediscovering for her, her philosophical heritage and its meaning and value in the modern light and for helping her regain her lost confidence." Madame H. P. Blavatsky, whose restatement of the ancient wisdom under the name of Theosophy conspicuously served these ends, though she is not specifically named here, called the Oriental philosophy "the sole panacea for the spiritual sickness" now affecting "the Western mind." (A sickness which has infected also too many in the East!)

It is disturbing to learn that, while in the last thirty years more Indian philosophy has begun to be introduced in the Indian universities, "even today it does not occupy more than a fifth or a fourth part of the entire course." A rather unnatural situation indeed, and one that seems to call for speedy correction!

E.M.H.

THE STUDIO PARTY —A MODERN FANTASY

[A CHARACTER in one of **Mr. Claude Houghton's** novels (*Birthmark*) raises the question whether there is any other real task than the quickening of vision in others. Several short stories from his pen which have appeared in our pages from 1942 on have had something of that quality, a touch of strangeness, awakening the sense of the mysterious and unaccountable which the humdrum and the commonplace conspire to veil. This "modern fantasy" has something of the same evocative, suggestive and elusive quality.—ED.]

I SHOULD not have lunched at the *Bourbon* restaurant in Frith Street if I had not seen, through the gaily trellised window, a table for one in a secluded corner.

Actually, the table could have accommodated two, but the prices in the fan-shaped menu revealed why the *Bourbon* could afford to provide elbow-room.

It was necessary only to look round in order to realize that a "socialite" crowd had evidently decided that the *Bourbon* was "special fun." Clothes, attitudes, voices, made that abundantly clear.

Soon after black coffee was brought, my "psychic antennæ" informed me that I was under intent scrutiny by someone at an adjoining table.

I looked up and encountered the concentrated gaze of dark disturbed eyes.

Although I could not recall her name I remembered photographs of her in the glossy weeklies, and paragraphs about her eccentric behaviour in papers which featured the activities of the good-time rich. She was about twenty-seven and I remembered certain misadventures in the matrimonial arena. I also remembered that her chief characteristic was a total inability to remain long in the same place.

As she continued to gaze at me with the expression of one probing a profound problem, I was compelled to assume that she had mistaken me for someone else.

She rose impetuously, then came towards my table—saying something *en route* to the head waiter, who instantly placed another chair at my table.

"You'll be able to think of something," she said in a quick nervous manner. She ordered black coffee, two *fines*, then lit a cigarette.

I have never seen a face more difficult to describe—chiefly because it

would have been uniquely beautiful if the tensity of ever-taut nerves had not distorted the features until they had become a caricature of their original beauty.

"It's like this. It's stupid. But everything is stupid. Some time ago, six of us decided to meet every few months somewhere or other. You know how it is. Must do something. Each of us had to pick up some out-of-the-way people. And someone had to invent an original game for each meeting."

While she rapped out these staccato sentences, she kept looking round, like one marooned seeking a rescuer.

"No one can think of an original game for the next meeting. It's on Friday. At old Frisby's place, Chelsea. In the studio. He won't be there."

She threw her cigarette into an ash-tray.

"You'll think of an original game."

"What makes you think that?"

"Anyone can see you're isolated. You have an ice-blue aura. One can know at a glance all the things you don't do. Very few things interest you. Perhaps only one."

Then—with an intuitive flash—she added:

"You wouldn't have come here if there hadn't been a table for one. You'll think of an original game."

"Give me a few minutes."

Eventually I said: "This is the best I can suggest—Each person present will have to write on a slip of paper a one-sentence answer to this question: *What is your idea of Hell?* Each answer will be read out—then each slip of paper will be burnt."

"It's enthralling! Terrifying!"

She wasn't really excited, but hoped that exaggeration would create excitement.

"Go on! Go on! What else?"

"Then each person will write a one-sentence answer to this question: *What is your idea of Heaven?* Answers will be read and the slips burnt."

"It will tell you everything about them! Everything. Although you won't know who wrote the answers. My God! those answers will tell you everything about *yourself*! It's hallucinating!"

Now she really was excited.

"Go on! What else?"

"The answers must be read by someone who has never been to a meeting. And, therefore, won't recognize the handwriting. He must be a stranger."

"YOU!...*Masked*!"

She beckoned the waiter and ordered two more *fines*.

"You'll come, won't you? You'll come masked. It'll be a rehearsal for the Judgment Day. Do you think there will be a Judgment Day? I don't. I don't think there's anything—anywhere. Only a grey mist."

She added:

"I read something somewhere about a grey mist. It was horror—spectral horror!"

"*Peer Gynt*, perhaps....I don't want to come to your party."

"But you will. Will they be allowed to put in blank slips?"

"Yes. But no facetious answers."

"Great heavens, no! This ghastly English rubbish about a sense of humour! No one could have a *sense* of humour. Humour is a *spirit*."

"That's true enough."

Then I made two discoveries almost simultaneously. One was the poignant beauty of her sensitive hands. The other was I remembered her name. I also remembered that, ten or twelve years ago, her father had sold his country estate, which had been his family's home for generations, and had come to London. The usual reasons had necessitated the sale.

Through boredom, she had drifted into a socially elect good-time set—featured by chit-chat journalists—consisting chiefly of people who were important only to themselves.

She was as sensitive to disturbance as a seismograph. Consequently the negative vibrations of the fear-distraught modern world disrupted her whole being. She had the psychic make-up of an artist—and no medium.

"Tell me something. Everything that's happened to me since I was a child seems to have happened to *someone else*. Can you understand that?"

"Yes."

"Then it must have happened to you. You can only understand some things if you've experienced them."

"True enough. Death is probably one of them."

She looked at me with the oddest expression. "I must go. You write old Frisby's Chelsea address on the menu." I wrote the address. "Next Friday. Ten o'clock. You'll come? You promise?"

"I promise."

She rose quickly. For a few moments we stood looking at one another. I felt we were alone—in an empty alien place.

Directly she went, I asked for the bill. I said to the waiter: "You've not charged for the *fines*."

"Her Ladyship said they were to be charged to her account."

Chelsea was shrouded in cold penetrating mist. "Old Frisby's" house stood far back from a narrow street. A spacious stone forecourt was dominated by a softly-lit statue. A massive forbidding door seemed to defy intrusion.

Directly I rang, the door opened.

"It's as well you're early. I explained it all to them. So they've had time to think about their one-sentence answers."

I looked round the meagrely-lit hall, dimly discerning a number of paintings on the walls.

"Don't look. They're Frisby's. The studio is through there. It was built on to the house. There are about fifteen of them. The lights have been lowered. You've brought a mask?"

I produced it, then put it on.

"It's strange to see a *visible* mask. We all wear an invisible one, of course. The face is always naked. So it reveals too much. One needs a mask. Better go in."

The studio was certainly dimly-lit.

"Here he is," she announced to shadowy figures in a crescent-shaped row of chairs. "I don't know his name. I picked him up at the *Bourbon*. You'll write on these slips of paper. Then put them in this hat. I'll shake the hat. He'll take out a slip, read it, then throw it in the fire."

She spoke jerkily, while she looked round. Her manner implied that she was in a desperate hurry because something of superlative importance demanded her attention.

"I thought we'd better have answers to 'What is your idea of Hell?' first. It's easier than the Heaven question."

I took a slip and read:

Hell is isolation—surrounded by débris.

I took another slip:

Hell is to become the inverse of your own ideal.

The next slip:

Hell is life without her.

The next:

Hell is self-knowledge.

The next slip:

My idea of hell is most people's idea of heaven.

The next:

Hell is marriage.

A woman began to laugh hysterically and had difficulty in stopping.

The next:

Hell is to live in the modern world, which is one vast fog of Fear.

The next:

Hell is lust.

The next:

Hell is to do the same old treadmill round day after day, wondering how, when, where, and why, you died.

The next slip, written in a highly characteristic hand:

Hell is endlessly to seek what doesn't exist.

The next:

Hell is the absence of God—who is revealed, negatively, by His absence, to exactly the same extent as He is revealed, positively, by His presence.

A man asked me to read that again. I read it again and he said: "Thank you."

I said in a whisper:

"You've certainly found out-of-the-way people."

The remaining slips were blanks.

The audience became animated. Attitudes were changed, cigarettes lit, arguments started.

She said to me:

"Tell me something."

"Anything."

"Can you go on as you are?"

"No."

"I'm glad. Tell you why some time . . . . Has anyone ever described heaven?"

"Someone said: 'Thy will is our peace,' which is pretty good."

I went on:

"Shakespeare often mentions heaven but never describes it. An English poet wrote: 'Heaven were not heaven if we knew what it were.'"

"In other words, no one can imagine it. There'll be a lot of blanks."

I took a slip and read:

Heaven is Innocence Regained.

The next slip:

Heaven is finding her again.

The next:

My idea of heaven is to reign in hell.

The next slip:

Heaven is escape from the octopus of Self.

The next slip, in a highly characteristic hand:

Heaven is a mirage in the desert—where we despairingly dream of an oasis.

The next:

Heaven is the peace of God, which passeth all understanding—that is why we cannot imagine it.

The remaining slips were blanks.

"That's all," she announced. "We're going. You'd better go too. Stay if you like, of course. If so, better talk about the weather. Much safer."

The staccato manner in which she rapped out these sentences, the way in which she kept looking round, her impatience to be gone, all seemed to suggest passionate expectation of a miracle, quite near at hand, just round the corner!

We stopped when we reached the hall.

I do not know how long we stood looking at one another. A feeling of urgency possessed me—a feeling that there was something imperative to be said.

She was one of those rare beings who, simply by their presence, make everything seem strange. The mists of familiarity, which obscure the miracle of the commonplace, are dispersed and the radiant unfamiliarity of life revealed.

Perhaps it was because she created this effect that fantastic thoughts flashed in my mind. It seemed an *accident* that we were two separate beings—mysteriously, and fatally, divided—instead of one. She was Intuition and I, in my degree, was Mind. Isolated, lost, in a grey mist.

"I'll give you an address. Write. Say anything. Then we'll meet. I'll tell you everything."

She wrote on the back of an envelope, then went out, leaving the ponderous door ajar.

I stood motionless, like a man in a trance.

At last I picked up the envelope.

The address was written in a highly characteristic hand.

CLAUDE HOUGHTON

THE SAINT AND THE ROBBER

THERE was a *Bhikshu* who had been constantly harassed by robbers. One night, after he had closed the door and gone to bed, a robber knocked at his door and called him. The *Bhikshu* said, "I am afraid to look at you. However, put your hand through this opening so that I may give you something." When the robber put his hand in, the *Bhikshu* tied it to a stake with a cord. Then he took a stick, opened the door and began to beat the robber.

With the first blow, he shouted, "Say, 'I take refuge in the Buddha.'" The terrified robber repeated, "I take refuge in the Buddha." The *Bhikshu* struck him for the second time and cried, "Say, 'I take refuge in the *Dharma*.'" The robber, in fear of losing his life, shouted, "I take refuge in the *Dharma*." The *Bhikshu* struck him the third and last blow, saying, "Say, 'I take refuge in the *Sangha*.'" In great horror, the robber repeated, "I take refuge in the *Sangha*." Thoroughly upset, he thought, "Alas! How many formulæ of 'Taking refuge' has this saint in his stock? If there are more, I shall certainly not see the sun again in the Jambudvipa. Indeed, I shall find the end of my life here." But the *Bhikshu* stopped beating him and let him go.

By these blows the whole of the robber's body was bruised. He lay motionless for a long time, lacking the strength to stand on his feet. And the desire to renounce the world and enter into the monastic life was born in his heart. Noticing a great change in his manner, somebody asked him, "Only recently you were a robber and committed all kinds of crimes. Why do you wish to renounce the world and practise austerities?" The robber replied:—

Thus He saved my life,
And awakened in me the Faith.
With His endless mercy
The Lord could foresee
That long after His demise
A disciple would baptise
A miserable robber like me.
By making him repeat
His hymn to the rhythm
Of a beating stick.
As this the Seer could see
He made His baptismal lore
Only of three hymns, not more.
Thus by His psalm of refuge, His grace
Has saved me, the refugeless.[1]

SUJITKUMAR MUKHOPADHYAYA

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[1] Adapted from the *Sutralamkara* of Ashvaghosha.

NEW BOOKS AND OLD

PASCAL'S "PENSÉES"

[BLAISE PASCAL is greater than his creed.

Mediocrity shines by the flickering light of creeds already made. There are minds and hearts who make their creeds shine and Pascal is one of them.

Our esteemed contributor, **Mr. Hugh I'A. Fausset,** writes about an old book which has the capacity to refresh modern minds. Pascal's thoughts are born of a mind well tamed; what we miss in them is the peace born of heart insight. — ED.]

THE ULTIMATE AIM of the creative thinker is what the old alchemists called "the transmutation of the mental view itself." But the more powerful the mind, the fiercer the dialectical struggle is likely to be, a struggle to accommodate the invading light of intuition within the bounds of dualistic thinking and to argue a way into truth. Ecstasy itself can only intensify into conflict until pride of mind is consumed in the fire it generates.

Such a thinker was Kierkegaard, whose appeal to so many modern intellectuals is a measure of their attachment to a dualistic prison. But perhaps the greatest was Blaise Pascal. The two works on which his fame rests, the *Letters to a Provincial* and the *Pensées*, were written just three hundred years ago. They were the result of an ecstatic experience which came to him on a November night in 1654, the "Memorial" of which, dashed down on a slip of paper, was found, sewn in his doublet, after his death. It is significant that his experience, as his rough notes recorded it, was not of light, but of fire, descending, as with Moses, from Mount Sinai and forcing him to his knees before the "God of Abraham, God of Isaac, God of Jacob," whom he also saluted as the "God of Jesus Christ."

Pascal was a mathematical genius and inventor who found scientific thought insufficient through its failure to satisfy the needs of his moral nature. He had enjoyed a worldly life, but, for the same reason, with a growing sense of its futility. He was neither a philosopher nor a sceptic and was brought up as a Christian. But it was only when he became a convert to Jansenism, a severely Puritan movement within the Church, that the conflict between the intellectual and the moral man became acute, to culminate in the blaze of declared "certainty," of which the "Memorial" is the breathless record. There followed the scintillating *Letters* directed against the Jesuits, which prove him a supreme literary artist, and the notes for a defence of Christianity, known as the *Pensées*, in which he lives as lucidly and vividly today as when he wrote them.

As a controversialist Pascal was the father of French classical style. But in the *Pensées* we are more conscious that he writes like a modern, exemplifying his own dictum that "When we see a natural style, we are astonished and delighted; for we expected to see an author, and we find a man." His writing is so clear and incisive that we seem to hear him talk, though, in fact, hard labour underlay this directness. But the labour would have availed nothing without the intensity which compelled it.

It was the intensity of a deeply divided nature. He wrote:—

> There is internal war in man, between reason and the passions. If he had only

reason without passions.... If he had only passions without reason.... But having both he cannot be without strife, being unable to be at peace with the one without being at war with the other. Thus he is always divided against, and opposed to himself.

This was the war from which, on that November night, he emerged, triumphing in "Certainty. Certainty. *Sentiment*. Joy. Peace." Later he admitted that it was foolish to look for certainty and that "faith is a gift of God." Yet his mind continued to crave certainty of belief as a substitute for the faith it lacked. And the conflict in his nature was in no real sense resolved by the kind of Christian belief which he embraced, of which the fundamental dogma was that man is naturally guilty, that Grace is a miracle of the Divine Mercy and Salvation an exception.

There could be no better proof of the greatness of Pascal than that, within the confines of this legalistic and essentially loveless creed, he could find so much in his heart and mind with which to fortify and console his condemned fellow men. But the rift between his theological beliefs and his natural affections was an indication of the unhealed wound in himself, originating in the mental egoism which became increasingly odious to him, but which he could never wholly redeem in a harmony of instinct, mind and spirit.

Instead he was driven to affirm "the infinite distance between body and mind" as "a symbol of the infinitely more infinite distance between mind and charity."

Truly enough mind does transcend body, as charity (or, in Eastern terms, the wisdom of the *Buddhi*) transcends the reasoning of the lower mind. But the division between them is man-made and can be healed. For Pascal, however, the natural and the spiritual were implacably and for ever opposed. Hence his recoil from beauty. He saw the duality of human nature with unmatched clearness and testified to man's misery as memorably as to his greatness. "The only thing which consoles us for our miseries," he wrote, "is diversion, and yet this is the greatest of our miseries." And no one has exposed the pride, vanity, ignorance and self-deception of un-enlightened man more relentlessly than he. But, though man

is but a reed, the feeblest thing in nature ... he is a thinking reed ... if the universe were to crush him, man would still be more noble than that which killed him, because he knows that he dies....

The *Pensées* are the probings of a painfully acute mind, but also of a heart that "has its reasons, which reason does not know." In his last years Pascal's heart won the battle with his mind, but without really transforming his consciousness, so that we miss the pure light of wisdom. The keen ray of his genius lit up in dramatic lightning-flashes man's forlorn situation and the waste places through which he wanders. But the charity which he embraced could not close the gulf which the logical moralist dug between heaven and hell, and the perverse doctrine, to which he clung, perpetuated it.

HUGH I'A. FAUSSET

"Till We Meet . . ." and Twelve Other Stories. By MIKHAIL NAIMY. (The Indian Institute of World Culture, Bangalore. 242 pp. 1957. Rs. 7.50)

Here is a collection of stories far removed from the beaten track and deserving permanence because of their richness in human values, psychological depth and grace of texture. It is also worthy of note that they belong to the Arab world, the source of some of the oldest and most fascinating stories in world literature. The present collection may not have any real kinship with the tales of the Thousand and One Nights, but there is the same amalgam of a dream-like quality and shrewd observation, of fantasy and actuality, and there is the same rapt voice of the story-teller impelling the audience to the responsive demand, "What happened, then?"

The author, Mikhail Naimy, was born in Lebanon in 1889. After the completion of his studies at home he went for education to France, Russia and the United States. Recognized as one of the most eminent of modern Arab thinkers, he has written with equal effect in his mother tongue and in French and English.

The stories in the volume under review comprise two diverse strands, mysticism and tenderness, either singly or intertwisted. The clue to its mysticism is to be seen in the following words spoken in the course of a dialogue:—

"Many are they who would draw a line between the 'natural' and the 'unnatural' or 'supernatural.' I believe that such lines are non-existent save in the minds of the stubborn and the ignorant. Whatever takes place in Nature is natural, be it a lunatic's dream, the vision of a prophet or the dark broodings of a knave. People cannot experience life in the same degree and on the same level. The average person's experience can never be a measure of the real and the unreal, or the natural and the unnatural. . . ."

The title-story, filling nearly a third of the volume, is a characteristic piece of work and is motivated entirely by mystic intent. It is an unusual love story, delicately patterned, sensitive. Leonardo, the musician, is poor, but he is a wizard with his violin. There is a secret, unspoken love between him and Baha, the daughter of an inn-keeper who employs him. On the eve of her marriage to a rich man she listens to Leonardo's violin and slips into a death-like swoon which holds her for days on end. Leonardo, accused of sorcery, finds himself in prison. He manages to get a brief reprieve, goes to Baha's house, and as he strikes the magic notes of his violin she regains consciousness. The rhapsodic moment of their reunion is also the moment of escape: both drop down in a swoon from which there is no wakening.

Thus summed up, the story may appear banal in theme and treatment. It is, however, a work of true artistry and is in a class by itself.

Readers will be grateful to the Indian Institute of World Culture for bringing such superb stories from an Asian land within their reach.

BHABANI BHATTACHARYA

The Neem is a Lady and Other Poems. By MANJERI S. ISVARAN. (Dhanus, Madras. 27 pp. 1957. Re. 1.50)

This is a slim collection of poems, of which a few are good. "To My Father: In Memoriam" is distinguished from the others, for in it the poet has found his measure and his style. The rhymed lines of uneven length give the poet freedom and a certain felicity. Some of the shorter lyrics are simpler and finished. "A Woman of Malabar" is a tragedy stated with convincing restraint. "Self-retreat," cleverer and more complicated, is interesting. The poem which gives the book its title does not fulfil its prom-

ise. In spite of its theme, which the poet has felt, and its carefully chosen phrasing, it does not read well. The poems "Encounter" and "Tandava" are marred by a jarring infelicity of style and illustrate the characteristic difficulties and temptations of rhyming in English, *e.g.*:—

> Cried another:
> Look, dear brother,
> Stephen Spender!
> Is he legal tender
> in the realm of English verse?
> His numbers are so terse,
> one goes out of gear
> to see his meaning clear.

Or again, Parameshwara is described:—

> and he was ever in a trance
> of debonair stance....
>
> by the by
> he had a third eye....

And Parvati, angry at his "frivolity,"

> Wresting her half from him free
> flew into a bouderie,
> and that was the hour
> when my ancestor
> went out of his trance
> and danced his awful dance!

T. P. SIRKAR

Govardhanrám Madhavrám Tripáthi's Scrap Book. Vol. VII. Edited by KANTILAL C. PANDYA. (N. M. Tripathi, Private, Ltd., Bombay. 96 pp. 1957. Rs. 2.00)

Govardhanram Madhavram Tripathi (1855-1907) is a name to conjure with in Gujarati literature. His *magnum opus*, a novel in four volumes, *Saraswatichandra*, is a cherished treasure in every educated family in Gujarat. Though he was a lawyer by profession, creative writing, combined with a critical study of various subjects, was a vocation with him; it was also a passion. This latter aspect of his personality is clearly revealed in this *Scrap Book*, which, although the last in the series, is the first to be published

> because it embraces a very important period in the life of Govardhanram and in the life of our country (23 September 1904-November 3rd, 1906).

The editor says further in the Foreword that after every birthday (which fell on the Dashera day, one of the most auspicious days in the Hindu calendar), Govardhanram used to take (and write down in the Scrap Books) a review of the work done the previous year and of the programme proposed for the new year. Three such — 1904, 1905, 1906 — are included in this volume.

> They portray his activities, his studies and his thinkings, no less than his anxieties regarding the health of himself and family, and also regarding his numerous monetary difficulties.

Indeed, Govardhanram had a monumental and many-sided mind. He was deeply interested, besides his first and foremost "love," literature, in psychical research, Hindu physiology, homœopathy, science (a splendid tale is his long friendship with Professor Gajjar, who had a "heart that is great and a genius that is gigantic"), politics, education, sociology and *yoga*. His courage in the face of unusual hardships and his candour stand out in bold relief. His curious "dreams," incidentally, offer an intriguing field for inquiry.

The *Scrap Book* will be of especial interest to the students of Gujarati literature who desire to know what manner of man the author of *Saraswatichandra* was. And this may be glimpsed from his favourite formula, "As the Great Will wills," and his statement: "I have lived blessing all and wish to die blessing all."

G.M.

Towards the Unification of the Faiths. By GEORGE PERRIGO CONGER. (University of Calcutta. 131 pp. 1957. Rs. 6.00)

Under the Stephanos Nirmalendu Ghosh Lecturership on Comparative Religion at Calcutta University, Dr. Conger, Professor Emeritus of Philosophy, University of Minnesota, delivered a series of eight lectures. In these lectures he developed the idea that stupendous changes are taking place owing to scientific and technological advancement, and that what is known as supernaturalism may possibly collapse and idealism may evaporate. He examines the various aspects of religions and philosophies under "Intellect and Intuition," "Monism and Monotheism," "Matter and Spirit," "Avatars and Prophets," "Faith and Works," "This World and Another World" and, in conclusion, "Some Trends towards the Unification of the Faiths."

In "Intellect and Intuition," the nature of epistemology and related questions in regard to knowledge are discussed. What are the methods for obtaining knowledge? What are the relations of the subjective and the so-called objective, of our minds and the world? What, if any, are the limitations of mental processes? What are the relations of the mind and the body? These are basic questions, and every religion and philosophy throws light on them in its own peculiar way. Dr. Conger attempts to answer these questions throughout the book. One may not agree with his answers, but he has something valuable to say. He propounds what he calls "horizon principles." These principles are necessary for understanding a problem. He describes these principles thus:—

> Let us say that we think of both *A* and *non-A*, indicate them both, mention them both, *denotatively*. To denote here means merely to indicate, without description or analysis. The selected *A* which is described or analyzed, with properties or relations made more or less explicit, we treat *connotatively*; the prefix indicates that we know its properties or relations "together." At the moment, however, we know the neglected *non-A* only *e*notatively; this prefix indicates that there is something outside our selection. We should add that since no one need suppose that his description or analysis of the selected *A* is complete, we must make allowance for gaps in our description.... To allow for such gaps in our description let us say that even our selected field must be treated *in*notatively; this prefix suggests an internal condition, something left out of account there.

Dr. Conger maintains that a horizon limitation of our perception and thinking has been recognized in the *Maitri Upanishad* as well as by Kant.

> It is strange that with such high testimony, Eastern and Western, the horizon principles with fundamental limitation imposed on our thinking have been so often disregarded.

Dr. Conger sums up the various topics of his lectures as follows:—

> We argued that intuition and intelligence, incommensurable as they are, may be complementary; that monism and monotheism, alternately crystallizing and dissolving, shade into one another... that matter and spirit are not opposites, but that the latter develops in and from and through the former, so that spirit is matter at its best; that the avatars and prophets of all lands and cultures are members of a world community where each is unique in his societal function for his own land and time and each embodies something of the ideal for all lands and times; that faith without works as well as works without faith are dead; and that the fundamental ethical attitudes of West and East, characterized loosely as those of intention and contentment, complement one another in life and we may hope, in life after death.

Dr. Conger holds that mankind "moves forward, haltingly and unevenly, toward a new world culture whose outlines we can only begin to discern." This we strongly believe. He is for integration, for the unity of mankind, for a synthesis of all faiths — as we are. But that synthesis is not expressed by what he describes as "synoptic naturalism." The term "synoptic" does not make adequate the too gross base of "naturalism." It is doubtful, and we may say impossible, for a "synoptic naturalism"

to become a universal faith. A universal faith cannot limit its elements to naturalism, even a synoptic one.

The writing is terse, and requires great patience on the reader's part. The effort is rewarding, for it makes one think and re-think about one's own beliefs and values, and discover their inherent weakness and strength.

SITA RAM JAYASWAL

The Works of George Berkeley Bishop of Cloyne. Volume IX. Edited by A. A. LUCE and T. E. JESSOP. (Thomas Nelson and Sons, Ltd., Edinburgh. viii + 191 pp. 1957. 30*s*.)

This is the final volume in the new critical edition of Berkeley's works published under the imprimatur of *Bibliotheca Britannica Philosophica*. The larger part consists of notes on the letters published in Volume VIII and reviewed in THE ARYAN PATH, November 1956. The detail and interest of these notes bear witness both to the industry and skill of the editors and to the need of an edition to replace that of Fraser in 1901. The last fifty pages consist of a number of tail-pieces needed to make the edition complete. There is a well-constructed list of the chief events in Berkeley's life; a full list of his writings with back references to the previous volumes in this edition and summing up the fuller bibliography published by the same editors in 1934; Addenda to volumes I-VIII; a further letter throwing light on the Bishop's kindly nature and his zeal for the Christian mission; Corrigenda of the previous volumes; and finally an admirably organized General Index to the whole work. Here the analysis itself points to the depth and range of Berkeley's thought.

The mere recital of the contents of the final volume is a tribute to the care and efficiency with which the present editors have undertaken and fulfilled their task. The accuracy with which the great mass of detail has been organized and the clarity with which it has been presented provide a worthy climax to a long and arduous task. It may have been thought that Fraser's elaborate revision of the 1871 edition had rendered further work unnecessary. That this is not the case is abundantly clear. It remains to salute the completion of a great achievement worthy of the great thinker whose life and work is thus celebrated. Editors and publisher alike have earned the gratitude of all students of philosophy and religion.

MARCUS WARD

The Challenge of Bernadette. By HUGH ROSS WILLIAMSON. (Burns and Oates, London. xiii + 101 pp. 1958. 10*s*. 6*d*.)

So many books have been written about Bernadette that yet another may well seem superfluous. If Mr. Williamson's object was to convert the sceptical he is not likely to have succeeded. If it was the edification of the believer, then it should be otherwise, for his sincerity shines forth from his pages. If, again, his object was to offer evidence to reenforce the claims of Catholic dogma, then the task does indeed seem supererogatory, since no Catholic, one must suppose, needs the reassurance of modern miracles to sustain belief in those described in the New Testament.

Mr. Williamson believes that the Virgin Mary did indeed make herself visible and audible to Bernadette, and

that she used the words "I am the immaculate conception" in the patois to identify herself to the little visionary and for a special purpose.

From these premises Mr. Williamson draws two conclusions: first, that the Virgin Mary continues active in the modern world as a living goddess; secondly, that she stressed her own and her mother's virginity as pronounced by the dogma of the Church. For the humanist and for the Protestant, this is Mariolatry conceived in the terms of the mediæval mind. This is in keeping with his firm belief in a personal Devil, also still active in the modern world.

Mr. Williamson gives a brief survey of the circumstances of Bernadette's subsequent life. And notable here is the persisting scepticism of her novice mistress in the Convent of Nevers, Marie Thérèse Vauzou: she never believed in the reality of Bernadette's visions of the Virgin, and who had better opportunity to know intimately the mentality and psychology of this peasant child?

It is the way of converts to Rome to become, for a time at least, "more Catholic than the Pope," and Mr. Williamson is no exception. The son of a Non-conformist minister, he went over to the Church of England and until recently was an ordained priest in that Church.

It is a pity that in his unbounded enthusiasm for his new faith, Mr. Williamson is both ungenerous and unfair in his recently acquired attitude towards both Protestants and Humanists.

In the light of his political and spiritual Odyssey, one may permit oneself to wonder what its author will think about the thesis of this little book ten years hence.

GEORGE GODWIN

Which Way Lies Hope? By RICHARD B. GREGG. (Navajivan Publishing House, Ahmedabad 14. 219 pp. Revised and enlarged ed., 1957. Rs. 2.00)

The subtitle of the book says that it is "an examination of Capitalism, Communism, Socialism and Gandhiji's Programme." After a scientifically critical study of these various ideologies, the author, a lifelong student of Gandhiji's mind and his many socio-economic and educational movements, comes to this conclusion:—

> The alleged democracy of Capitalism, Communism and Socialism is a dreadfully warped and dwarfed affair. True democracy depends upon tolerance and non-violence and small-scale organization, not upon force or coercion but upon peaceful persuasion and consent. (p. 202)

Which way, then, lies hope in the midst of the present-day clash of values for the true well-being of the people? Answers the author:—

> Gandhiji's programme, much better than any mode of industrialism, will, I think, promote the ancient ideal of Indian culture (*Sanskriti*), whose essential qualities are truth (*Satya*), austerity (*Tapasya*), knowledge (*Jnana*), non-violence (*Ahimsa*), respect towards those who have wisdom (*Vidvat Sanmana*), good manners (*Sushila*). (p. 204)

For, without a due and dynamic emphasis on the moral and spiritual aspects of projects and programmes for the health and happiness of humanity, all labour will, in the end, be in vain.

And this is exactly what Gandhiji's programme does:—

> The follower of Gandhiji's programme does not have to wait for a large-scale revolution; *he starts one inside himself* and carries it out with his own hands. He immediately starts controlling his share of the means of production for the public good. (p. 206; italics reviewer's)

A very helpful study, indeed, of Gandhiji's constructive programme for the common weal.

G.M.

The Viceroyalty of Lord Irwin 1926-1931. By S. GOPAL. (Oxford University Press, London. 152 pp. 1957. 21*s*.)

At the end of this first decade of the new multi-racial Commonwealth when all eyes and endeavours are on the future, the drama of the final phase of India's struggle for liberation — except in its emotional mystique which will always permeate our culture and traditions — has already become the almost exclusive preserve of historians and students of international relations. For the young student, Indian or British, this thumbnail sketch of Lord Irwin's Viceroyalty by the son of India's Vice-President, Dr. Sarvepalli Radhakrishnan, is of great value, first, for its excellent compression of the salient events of those five years into less than 150 pages; and second, for the excellent source material given on each page. It is a pity that the book sells at 21*s*., since this puts it out of the reach of many a serious student in these times of inflation.

Because the parting of the ways between Britain and India, when it did come, uniquely left both countries glowing with admiration for each other's finer qualities, objective histories of any period of the independence struggle, whether from Indian or British pens, tend to be tinged with this attitude of mutual admiration. In so brief a narrative Shri Gopal has hardly time to deal with anything but the bare essentials of the clash of wills, their impact on the personalities involved and the reactions they produced. It would be churlish to object that, on so small a canvas, certain matters that seemed important to one at the time have been omitted. For example, the fact that those imprisoned during the non-co-operation movement were not *all* released; H. D. Raja, a fearless fighter for freedom, having been kept in jail as a sign of the displeasure he caused by his public comparison of the Viceroy to a donkey.

The Viceroy emerges in Shri Gopal's study as a man of great sincerity, as Gandhiji felt him to be. He was in advance of the outlook of his party, and might have altered the course of Indo-British relations at one critical juncture, had it been possible for him to have regained the waning confidence and faith of Indian leaders in British intentions. Even when Motilal Nehru was defiantly declaring that "all roads lead to Lahore" — the Lahore Congress, at which the flag of independence was to be unfurled and the struggle joined — the situation might have been retrieved, Shri Gopal suggests,

> by Irwin's character and transparent sincerity had he met the Congress leaders, and particularly Gandhi, alone and face to face.

In politics, however, sincerity is not enough, even though it may be rare. Lord Irwin, now Lord Halifax, was also sincere when, as Foreign Secretary in the Chamberlain Government, he supported the policy of "appeasement." For all the critical tension and drama of those five years when he was Viceroy, it is a page of history which does not arouse passionate interest when seen over the shoulder of this well-intentioned statesman. Shri Gopal, who is now back in London, would earn our further gratitude if he bent his talents and abilities to a study of those momentous days which set the stage for the final transfer of power in 1947.

SUNDER KABADI

Religious Thought of Sayyid Ahmad Khan. By BASHIR AHMAD DAR. (The Institute of Islamic Culture, Lahore. 304 pp. 1958. Rs. 8.00)

However universal a religion may be, it is subject to the influence of geographical and historical factors and grows within the limitations of empirical conditions. In all its essentials Islam is professedly universal and the pivot of

its teaching is the unity of God, the unity of Mankind, the belief in the continuity of the revelations of the past and in the transitional character of this life. But the nations that were converted to its message adapted it to their own genius. Islam in India also has undergone a transformation, and in the mode of life of Indian Muslims we find definitely the imprint of other cultures.

When India came under the British rule Islam faced another challenge to its pattern of thought and life. Among those who realized immediately the gravity of the new situation and worked for re-orientation in religious thought Sir Sayyid Ahmad Khan was the most outstanding. None can deny the greatness of this man, the purity of his motives and the boldness with which he proclaimed his convictions. Though Mr. Bashir Ahmad Dar has concentrated his attention mostly on the religious thought of Sir Sayyid, he has given us a very readable account of his life as a whole and a general account of the reformatory movements in India. It must be admitted, however, that Sir Sayyid was great not so much as a religious thinker as by his lasting contributions as an educational reformer and by his political insight. He was naturally impressed by Western science, and, rationalist as he was, could not altogether understand the mystic origin of religion and its transcendental meaning. But this does not detract from his significance even in matters of religious reform. He impelled the scholars of the old school to take seriously the challenge of modern thought and helped to awaken them from their dogmatic slumbers.

Mr. Dar gives us a very sympathetic account of this remarkable figure of Muslim history, and now, when Islam is threatened with the challenge of new times, a careful study of his life and work gives us hope and encouragement for the future of religious reforms in Islam. We welcome this valuable addition to our knowledge of the Muslim Renaissance in India.

S. VAHIDUDDIN

Hinduism in Ceylon. By JAMES CARTMAN. (Gunasena and Co., Ltd., Colombo. 191 pp. 1957. Rs. 12.00)

Forming a fifth of the total population, the Hindus in Ceylon are mostly Tamils, Ceylonese or Indian, and mostly Shaivas too. Their way of life is the same as that of their brethren in South India, and their beliefs, usages and customs exhibit a fundamental similarity of outlook. In the present lucid and careful study the Rev. Mr. Cartman does not seek to unravel the metaphysical subtleties of the Vedanta Philosophy or probe into the mysteries of the different systems of *Yoga*, but confines his attention principally to the outer forms of Hinduism as observed by him during his stay in the beautiful island. He describes the major and minor gods and goddesses, Brahma, Vishnu, Shiva, Ganesha, Skanda, Veerabhadra, Saraswati, Lakshmi, Parvati and Mariyamma; takes us to various temples and introduces us to the priests; gives us a picture of the various festivals and pilgrimages; and tickles us with a fund of Hindu superstition and magic. Special mention must be made of the valuable introductory portion of the book, tracing the history of Ceylon from the earliest to the present times, as well as of the concluding chapter on "Modern Movements," emphasizing the work of the Ramakrishna Mission and the Vivekananda Society. The index and the illustrations are helpful. Only some spellings of proper names — *e.g.*, Chanmuga, Kalimagal, Kamathenu, Kovinthan — need improvement.

R. BANGARUSWAMI

The Theory of Metaphysical Influence. A Study of Human Attunements, Perception, Intelligence and Motivation. By NOEL JAQUIN. (Rockliff, London. viii + 194 pp. 1958. 21*s*.)

The sub-title of this book is "A Study of Human Attunements, Perception, Intelligence and Motivation," a sub-title which clearly indicates that it covers an immensely wide field. In his preliminary survey of his subject the author complains of the complacency of educated people in the face of the mysteries which lie both inside and outside themselves. He writes:—

> One of the strange things about this disease — and disease we must term it — is that it attacks the very people who should be immune: the people who apparently possess brains and have reasoning abilities above the average, town councillors, parsons, doctors and scientists.

With this indictment the reviewer entirely agrees. How difficult it is to get many clever, self-satisfied people to admit that there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in their philosophies!

But it is doubtful whether Mr. Noel Jaquin's account of radiesthesis, the manifestations of the "ESP factor" and the effect of planetary influences on humanity will bring any enlightenment to minds which are closed to everything which does not come to them in scientific guise. They will be confirmed rather in their prejudices and will seize upon the looseness with which he uses many of his terms as an excuse for not listening to him. And it is quite true that his writing is lacking in precision. For example, in what sense is he using the word "metaphysical"? On page 75 he discusses a man's "*personal metaphysical requirements*" and on page 83 he describes a patient's sadistic-masochistic practices as being *metaphysically motivated*. Does he only mean by this word that which lies beyond the physical or does the explanation lie on page 55, where he equates what he here calls the *metaphysical element* with Jung's "unconscious"? It is anybody's guess.

Many interesting facts are to be found in this book and it is a pity that the author does not help his reader by defining his terms more carefully. It is also surprising that nowhere does he make any reference to those wonderful treatises on the higher levels of the mind — the ancient, traditional knowledge of India — which are included under the heading of "Vedanta." It is difficult to understand how any writer on the subject of the nature of man can complete his work without expressing his admiration for the Vedas and the Upanishads.

KENNETH WALKER

The Meaning in Your Life. By SAMUEL ROSENKRANZ. (Philosophical Library, New York. 146 pp. 1958. $3.00)

Here is a refreshing treatment of the age-old problem of the meaning of life and existence. Armed with the latest findings of science, the learned author finds in the pulsation of life and in the unending movement forward to greater achievement the clue to the meaning of existence. Here is a reaffirmation of the fundamental values of life based on the discovery of a fifth dimension — the urge to freedom. The principle of indeterminacy establishes the fundamental freedom which, in the social context, becomes self-determination towards a predestined goal. The author traces the passage from disorder and chaos to order and unity, the mighty pulsation of the individual unit in tune with the cosmic process, in spite of failures and mistakes on the way, and

the "overall design of the great process is towards the perpetuation of the order secured."

In the light of this perception, failure and death become transformed, and God is the self-determining force "which gives life to the universe and works towards creating harmony and order out of chaos." Human life gains its fullest meaning in relation to the revealing force of God in guaranteeing the fulfilment of the ideals of truth, beauty and goodness. God is the natural law as well as the moral order. God is the spirit of freedom in the atom as well as the fully developed man. Man as part of the life-giving force of the universe finds his place in the process and works for the realization of the values and the creation of a better world order.

The book is noble and inspiring.

D. GURUMURTI

Society, Evolution and Revelation: An Original Insight into Man's Place in Creation. By JONATHAN HANAGHAN. (The Runa Press, Monkstown, Dublin. 224 pp. 1957. 21*s*.)

In this age of science and technology many of us feel that we are passing through a great crisis in human history. We cannot avoid the apprehension that science does not adequately fulfil the deep intellectual and spiritual needs of humanity, that, when completely divorced from the humanities and ethics, it is apt to twist the heart and mind of man out of shape and make human conduct dangerously mechanistic and crude. It is with these ideas at the back of his mind that the author has written this collection of essays. Although they deal with a variety of topics, there is a single line of thought that runs through all of them.

Psychology being the author's special field of study, his approach to the problem is mainly through psychology and psychoanalysis. But he takes a wide and independent view of the situation, and has gathered wisdom not only from Freud and his school of thought, but also from the teachings of Jesus Christ.

He rightly points out that in nature there is both an evolutionary and a "devolutionary" pull. A devolutionary pull has to be postulated in order to explain such phenomena as parasitism, fixation and regression. Both these pulls are expressions of free wills of creatures. Evolution is a difficult and hazardous task, and many creatures are unable to cope with it, and so devolution occurs.

There are also certain accidental factors, which are inherent in this process. Some demands on creatures at certain periods in evolution act as traumas over a wide field, causing them to recoil from life and tempting them to halt or regress instead of responding to evolutionary demands.

The author says:—

> Evolution needs Revelation, for man and creation are spirit as well as body-mind. . . . Because of this duality man and nature need Jesus of Nazareth. As the apex of evolution, Jesus is Son of Man: as the Revelation of God he is Son of God. The revealer and founder of the Beloved Community. . . .

A spiritual awakening and a recovery of faith in God are the great needs of the hour, but this recovery should lead to a mutual understanding and unification of the human race, and not to more religious conflicts, as has been the case in the past.

Jonathan Hanaghan's book is timely and thought-provoking, and will be read with great interest.

S. L. BHATIA

Introduction to Philosophy. By GEORGE THOMAS WHITE PATRICK; Revised with the assistance of FRANK MILLER CHAPMAN. (George Allen and Unwin, Ltd., London. 482 pp. 1958. 32*s*.)

This book is what it says it is and nothing more; which is something after all. The student, at least, must not rest here; nor does Professor Patrick expect him to, having set up a generous number of signposts to wider and deeper exploration of the philosophic field. And the fact is that this author, for all his academic qualifications (or perhaps because of them), writes with a curious lack of philosophy. He admits, in the preface to the first edition of his book, 1925 (this is a revised edition), that the work is "not wholly impersonal," and that is well and honest enough; but one cannot but think that the truly philosophic standpoint, even where such a conspectus as this is concerned, would be "not wholly impersonal" in both a far lesser and a far greater degree.

Philosophy is a creative and yet an objective science; and those passages which are most clearly expressive of the Professor's personal opinions are peculiarly lacking in both creative insight and scientific objectivity. Only one may be referred to in so brief a notice: that on "the lure of pessimism" on pp. 412-19. The dear old notion that Buddhism is a pessimistic religion is as shallow as dear old H. G. Wells's (early) conviction, here quoted to refute this "lure," that human "progress" is inevitable and swift. In other words, the further reading to which this book points the student will need to be corrective. Fortunately it almost certainly will be if only in the sense of affording a deeper understanding of pessimism as something — whether in the eyes of the author of the Book of *Ecclesiastes* or those of Omar Khayyam or of Matthew Arnold—which does not stop at pessimism as such, but adumbrates beneath the vanity of this world a deeper reality. When the human individual looks "not with, but through the eyes," he may perceive the meaning of the statement that Diogenes went about at mid-day with a lantern, looking for an honest man. But perhaps this is only to say that Professor Patrick is not a metaphysician; which again he makes no claim to be. The reviewer's point, however (and perhaps he may be permitted to offer it as another signpost to the student), is that philosophy divorced from metaphysics is the letter divorced from the spirit; where there is no metaphysics, philosophy becomes, in a word, merely academic.

R. H. WARD

Evolution for Beginners. By MICHAEL BYROM. (The Linden Press, London. 191 pp. 1958. 10*s*. 6*d*.)

This book by a young man may possibly appeal to other young men. Each generation, as it rediscovers the obvious, tends to think that it is itself the *discoverer* of truth, and is revulsed by imperfections. Whether it is wise to embark on publication, in such a transition stage —when the whole criterion of judgment is ego-centred and the expression often immature — is a question. The book includes sections on "Evolution for Beginners," "Darwin Dissected," "Freud Analysed," "Films Exposed," while others survey Christianity and Civilization, and the last gives the picture of creative evolution glimpsed by Schopenhauer, and sensed (independently) by Mr. Byrom himself. It is for potentialities rather than for itself that the book can be noted.

E.W.

Ilion: An Epic in Quantitative Hexameters. (178 pp. 1957. Rs. 4.00); and *Vasavadutta: A Dramatic Romance.* (152 pp. 1957. Rs. 5.00). Both by SRI AUROBINDO. (Sri Aurobindo Ashram, Pondicherry.)

Both these works show Sri Aurobindo as a master of majestic harmonies in verse and display the qualities of the celebrated Grand Style — high seriousness, imaginative intensity and dignified diction in delineating elemental emotions.

In the history of English metre, *Ilion*, in about 5000 lines, is the first sustained attempt on the part of a poet to recapture the glory of the Homeric hexameter. From Spenser to Bridges poets experimented with it only to realize: "It is in English undignified, loose and worse than the worst prose." Neither the importation of classical rules about quantity nor the substitution of stress for quantity could domicile the elusive hexameter. Its success was limited and confined mostly to light verse, though in Homer

Strongly it bears us along in swelling and limitless billows,
Nothing before and nothing behind but the sky and ocean.

Sri Aurobindo recaptures this original effect by judiciously following a new mode of scanning where stress or accent can make a syllable long besides quantitative length and where the ear alone is the judge of length due to position, *e.g.*:—

Old and a|lone he ar|rived, insig|nificant, feeblest of|mortals,
Carrying|Fate in his|helpless|hands and the| doom of an|empire.

The metrical base is dactylic, though it admits of countless modulations in Sri Aurobindo's verse technique.

The incomplete *Ilion* in nine books continues the story of the *Iliad* and deals with the incidents that take place between dawn and evening. Slender is the story; but Homeric beauties abound. Achilles sends a herald to the Trojans threatening destruction unless they surrender Helen. The Trojan Assembly meets and decides upon fighting in spite of Antenor. The leave-takings of Paris and others are touchingly described, as also the tense feelings and dissensions in the Greek camp. Next come the moving farewell of Achilles to Briseis and the deliberations of the gods. The incomplete last book treats of the terrific fight of the Amazon Penthesilea. The classical allusions in the poem are so many that the lay reader will have to use a Classical Companion.

Vasavadutta is in racy blank verse and its theme is the love of Udayan and Vasavadutta, famous in Sanskrit literature. In the plays of Bhasa and Harsha the hero is almost an unheroic amoroso, a stooge in the hands of his minister. Vasavadutta, too, appeared as a victim of a policy of state or of intrigues in the harem, her love remaining mostly in the background. But Sri Aurobindo has made effective innovations, and the love of Udayan and Vasavadutta has been invested with a rich romantic colouring. All things lead to the central situation of Udayan being brought as a prisoner-slave to the proud Princess and the conclusion that she is humbled by love to elope with Udayan follows from it. Udayan is characterized as a hero, stooping only to conquer, chivalrous and cultured. Gopalaca, who ensnares him, and Munjoolica, who assists in his escape, are new characters contributing to movement in action. Though we see here consummate craftsmanship and flowing poetry, it is to be classed as a closet drama without any comic relief. Both these are early works of Sri Aurobindo, earlier than the development of his metaphysical thought.

K. KRISHNAMOORTHY

LEAVES FROM A PARIS DIARY

[**Shri Baldoon Dhingra's** notes this month are all pageant and colour, for he describes the Peking Opera and Ballet in Paris, and a colourful festivity in Brittany.—ED.]

I AM NOT at all surprised that Parisians gave the Peking Opera such a thunderous welcome. The show has proved so popular at the Théâtre des Nations that it is continuing its run at the Alhambra.

The present repertory possesses great range and variety. The classical sections form the major part of the sumptuous opera. These are *Le Bracelet de Jade, Le Son de l'Epée, La Cité de Setcheou* and *La Volée du Tigre Couche*. All the items are performed with exacting precision. The concluding sequence, in which two enormous paper dragons, lit with golden light, belching smoke and fire, writhe across the darkened stage, is in many ways the highlight of the evening. The Peking Opera with its shimmering costumes of a thousand hues is a pageant which delights the eye.

When I went to see the Peking Ballet I was reminded of what Confucius said about dance and music:—

> When you see the type of a nation's dance, you know its character.... When a sombre and depressing type of music prevails we know the people are distressed and sorrowful. When a languorous, easy type of music with many long-drawn-out airs prevails, we know that the people are peaceful and happy. When a strong and forceful type of music prevails, beginning and ending with a full display of sounds, we know that the people are hearty and strong. When a pure, pious and majestic type of music prevails, we know that the people are pious. When a gentle, lucid and quietly progressing type of music prevails, we know that the people are kind and affectionate. When lewd, exciting and upsetting music prevails, we know that the people are immoral....

The items I saw came chiefly under the first three categories, though the languorous and forceful types predominated.

I got a greater thrill from the Ballet because I know a little about the background of the Chinese theatre and had learnt what the various movements, signs and symbols meant.

From the earliest times story-tellers and acrobats were famous in China. In the ancestral sacrifices and in the worship of the gods there had always been stately dances which showed, in pantomime, a famous scene or battle in history. The warrior wears a long, stiff robe, brightly coloured and richly embroidered, down to his feet, which are adorned with shoes several inches high. There are banners and gay headdresses with pompons of many colours and with two pheasant feathers five feet long swaying about him as he walks or fights. The face is painted fantastically and women sing in a high falsetto voice. The fighting is a sort of elaborate sacred dance performed with the most intricate sword display. A beautifully dressed person with a whisk of horse hair means a god or spirit; a warrior with a whip indicates a cavalier; if a banner is behind him it means he is head of a thousand horse. An official's face painted white means he is bad and a traitor; if it is painted red he is honest. One knows by the different types of bands and swirls or make-up about the character of the person. If a lady wants to take a boat, attendants bring out a flag with a fish painted on it to represent water, and the lady's servants sweep the dry floor with their oars. Many such devices are employed, for the Chinese stage was, and still is, essentially simple, with little or no scenery.

The Peking Opera is a riot of colour, pageantry and spectacle. It shows that the cultural heritage of the Chinese people today is fully preserved through

its dance and music.

Louis Depagne, a young artist and antiquary, whom I have known for some time, had an old curiosity shop in the Marché aux Puces. He has now repaired to Nice, where he has bought a place he calls *Curiosités*. This shop, like its predecessor, chiefly specializes in Chinese and Japanese *objets d'art* — porcelain, bronzes, tapestries, statuettes and the like. Louis has learned to love Oriental things. His knowledge of Chinese art he has acquired through his collections as well as through reading. He is truly fascinated by Chinese paintings and has an almost instinctive feeling for delicacy, charm and a sense of peace, which Orientalia brings him. His interest is far from merely commercial. He possesses some lovely things he would rather live with than part with; nor does a sense of possession make him hold on to them. I have watched him after his purchases, beaming with joy. His work and not himself absorbs him. He is always ready to lend a hand.

Last week Louis invited us to his home in Brittany. So we motored down to the wild and unspoilt countryside of this part of France, where we were most warmly received. This visit happily coincided with the Grande Fête Folklorique du Poudouvre which took place in the delightful fifteenth-century town of Dinan. The women had white bonnets on and wore tartan skirts. The men donned conical hats, blue trousers and short jackets. They marched to the tune of bagpipes playing Highland airs. We saw the whole procession of young people in their national regalia, which, happily for lovers of colourful costumes, is still in vogue.

Perhaps we shall soon visit Nice and *Curiosités* to see Louis's latest acquisitions, especially his Ming vases and Japanese scrolls. They should stand out well against the emerald waters and clear skies of the Côte d'Azur.

BALDOON DHINGRA

SOCIAL RESPONSIBILITY OF SCIENCE

Writing on "A New Ethics for Science," in *The Nation* (New York) for March 15th, a biochemist, Philip Siekevitz, Assistant Professor at the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research, goes further than the Society for Social Responsibility in Science, which opposes scientists' working on military projects. He believes that scientists "should refrain from all activities which will destroy goodness and justice, mercy and beauty, human life."

> ...at this moment our duty as scientists demands that we individually and collectively preach and practise a love of life, that we cherish all the universe as holy....

He suggests codes for scientists, "to assist in the self-regulation of individuals," codes "defining the aim as the search for truth, setting as the goal the individual and the common good."

> The search for order and beauty in the universe, in all aspects of it, should not be put into the services of activities which degrade man, who is a portion of this universe.

He proposes, at the recognized risk of being pilloried by many fellow scientists, a moratorium for the non-essentials, a proposal supported by sound common sense:—

> Now there can never be too much thought and work done to provide food... health... and a reasonable satisfaction in living, for all of us. But I see no logical and moral reason for thinking that the time of the next generation, and not the time of, say, the tenth generation hence, should be provided with the means to get to the moon.... Perhaps before we go ahead much further and much faster, someone should really think about happiness.

ENDS AND SAYINGS

"——————ends of verse
And sayings of philosophers."
HUDIBRAS

It is easy to grow cynical about certain tendencies in modern civilization. But cynicism is a corroding force. It is necessary to be constructive in suggesting remedies. Therefore it is refreshing to read some pertinent but peppery remarks by Shri C. Rajagopalachari in the *Swarajya*:—

If civilization is to be bound up with material advancement we must accept its inevitable consequences, loss of freedom in exact proportion to the forward march. And loss of freedom is loss of soul. This is as certain as the obverse of it, that if civilization is high thinking and simple living and true and abiding happiness is what issues from such a way of life, civilization will bring more and more of freedom and not reduce it. If we make the mistake of confounding civilization with ever-increasing material advancement, we are bound to become slaves to tyrants and to tyrant organizations — governments, parties, cartels, trusts and trade unions.

Our civilization is only a wrapping through which the savage in man bursts continually. The writer sagely points out:—

The inevitable corollary of material advancement is competition first among individuals and next between nations, and war and unending preparations against fear of aggression. Competition to be effective has to be organized into coercion, and as the race proceeds, the coercion must become ruthless.

The only way to freedom is the simple life, and the courage to be wise even in a world that is ceaselessly busy in making it complex. How these complex trends transform the happy democratic life into one of tyranny is thus described by Rajaji:—

Co-operation which in its simple form is a joy is organized until it becomes a despotism and a tyranny of the community over the individual. It soon reaches the monstrous shape of dictatorship of one kind or another. A special type of human being is bred for the work — the ruler-type who is born to the task of extracting the implicit obedience of his fellow-citizens. "Ways of Life" are held forth to admiration, each as effective as the other in the matter of extinguishing freedom. It is forgotten that the only way worth living is the way that Socrates, the Buddha, Christ and the rishis of India preached.

It was claimed in *The Hindustan Times* of May 27th that the many restrictive measures towards gradual Prohibition have succeeded in checking the consumption of liquor in the capital.

The measures adopted by the authorities in keeping with the Directive Principles of the Constitution include reduction of country liquor shops from seven to two and their removal to remote places . . . abolition of dhabas, which were formerly attached to country liquor shops, and reduction of saleable strength of country liquor.

The mere fact, however, that sales of liquor by authorized vendors have gone down does not mean that consumption by the public has decreased. The authorities have already detected a flourishing trade in smuggled liquor and large-scale illicit distillation. The experience in Delhi seems to be similar to that in other areas, where Prohibition, partial or complete, has created a paradise for smugglers. Their activities in some places are thinly disguised and widespread; and Government measures seem to be ineffective to check malpractices.

Apart from defeating the purpose of Prohibition laws, smuggling creates a general attitude of defiance of authority, the repercussions of which are already beginning to be felt in other spheres. Deception, lying, smuggling, bribery and official corruption as well as illicit

distillation have become common wherever enforcement of Prohibition has been attempted.

Legislation against these is also necessary. But people cannot be prevented from drinking merely by legislation.

If the abolition of alcohol consumption in a country traditionally accustomed to abstinence from strong drinks is found difficult, the fault lies not so much in the legislation as in the lack of necessary education of the public mind. The Delhi authorities deplore the lack of "co-operation of non-official organizations in creating a favourable climate for the success of gradual prohibition." But is it right to blame them when high officials and administrators in the capital itself fail to set a correct example? Mental and moral alcoholism is the root from which grows the desire for strong drinks.

Dr. Karl H. Potter of the University of Minnesota, who has studied Indian philosophies in India, writes in the latest issue of *Philosophy East and West* (Honolulu, Hawaii) on "Attitudes, Games and Indian Philosophy," stressing the importance of understanding the rules of the game before trying to play it. Finding the key to the appreciation of Indian thought in its emphasis on life attitudes, he urges appreciating "from the 'inside' " the characteristic life attitude in which the ideas of each Indian philosophical school are framed, before subjecting them to critical analysis.

He considers that "we cannot read most statements in Indian texts as literal assertions," calling even "*Tat tvam asi*" (That thou art), "perhaps the most important single expression in the Upaniṣads and Indian thought in general," either tautological or false, from a literal standpoint. But he writes of the identity of Atman and Brahman that it "is not a literal identity, and yet it is an identity."

Dr. Potter emphasizes also the key importance of the illustrations, myths and metaphors used by Indians for the understanding of their several points of view. Whether, however, "establishing a root-metaphor for each distinct Indian view" will prove a more helpful approach than the current analysis and appraisal will depend largely on the insight that goes into the choice. Search for their synthesis might prove more rewarding.

The report of a team of experts on slum clearance in India, analyzed in *The Hindu* of May 23rd, emphasizes the vastness of the problem:—

> The slum clearance work is neither cheap nor easy and there is no dramatic solution for it. An attempt to tackle it must comprise a well-planned, well-organized and concerted action, using the tools of (1) slum prevention, (2) rehabilitation of substandard housing and (3) slum improvement and slum servicing.

To obviate the danger of new colonies relapsing into slums on account of the prevalent inadequate standards of clean and economical living conditions, India can profitably formulate a programme of national drilling in clean living habits.

> The people in the new colonies should be taught clean habits and even annual prizes may be offered for observing certain codes of conduct consistently.

The experts strongly recommend that the Government of India frame a comprehensive and standard definition of a slum, suggesting that

> the definition given in the U.S.A. Housing Act of 1949 covers all the points. This Act defines a slum as "any predominantly residential area, where the dwellings which, by reason of dilapidation, over-crowding, faulty arrangement of design, lack of ventilation, light or sanitary facilities or any combination of these factors, are detrimental to safety, health or morals."

One important suggestion made, besides National and State Housing Corporations, is to check the influx of population from the villages into the cities. It is recommended that no licences should be granted by the Central Government to start new industries, or to expand existing industries without the approval of the local body. The report urges that "a firm decision to limit employment expansion in the congested areas is necessary." While welcoming the establishment of industrial estates, the report suggests

> that such schemes may be co-ordinated with slum clearance schemes. Another way of dealing effectively with the influx of people into cities is the establishment of satellite towns. Yet another method may be to shift the industries to villages. "It is better to carry industries to the people than carry people to the industries."

The slums in most Indian cities are in such a condition that there is no alternative to demolishing them. It is estimated, however, by the National Buildings Organization that to demolish and rebuild the slums in India will cost rupees ten to twenty thousand crores!

In order to make the small provision of Rs. 20 crores in the Second Five-Year Plan for slum clearance and sweepers' quarters go as far as possible the team suggests lower construction costs. With the repetitive character of construction, considerable economies could be effected through standardization and co-ordination.

A fair idea of the country's housing needs is given in the report, but the prospects of slum clearance throughout the country in the foreseeable future seem dim indeed.

Outstanding in the Spring 1958 *Vák* is the symposium on "The Writer and the State," to which four Indian writers make thoughtful contributions. All recognize that the writer must be free to sound his authentic note if he is to rise to his potential best. The problem is acute in totalitarian States which deny cultural freedom, but it may be posed in a milder form wherever direct State patronage is extended — even in so well-meaning a democracy as India.

Shri Umashankar Joshi, Gujarati poet and essayist and Editor of *Sanskriti*, examines in his concluding article in the symposium the position here, where State Governments bestow awards for the best books of the year and the State-sponsored National Academy of Letters gives national awards besides undertaking translations and even publishing activities. There is small excuse here for writers' failing to guard jealously the "innermost sense of freedom that will keep the 'spiritual wells of our Nature' perpetually fresh." But the temptation to please the patron is but too likely to arise. Shri Joshi warns that the writer even in India "may well find himself some day wrapped in the State cocoon."

To avoid this, he cites approvingly the solution proposed by Mr. R. A. Butler at the Twenty-eighth International Congress of the P.E.N., which he inaugurated at London in July 1956. He had brought out the need of a "buffer state" for State patronage, just as for the universities. The State, he held, should employ people of integrity and independence to dispense its bounty, "with a Minister responsible" but "without Ministerial interference."

Certain States in India have appointed advisory committees on literary awards, while leaving the decision to the Government. Shri Joshi pertinently asks how governments can be relied upon to decide the quality of a literary work. The possibilities in India of "a buffer state between artist and State" should be explored.

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